

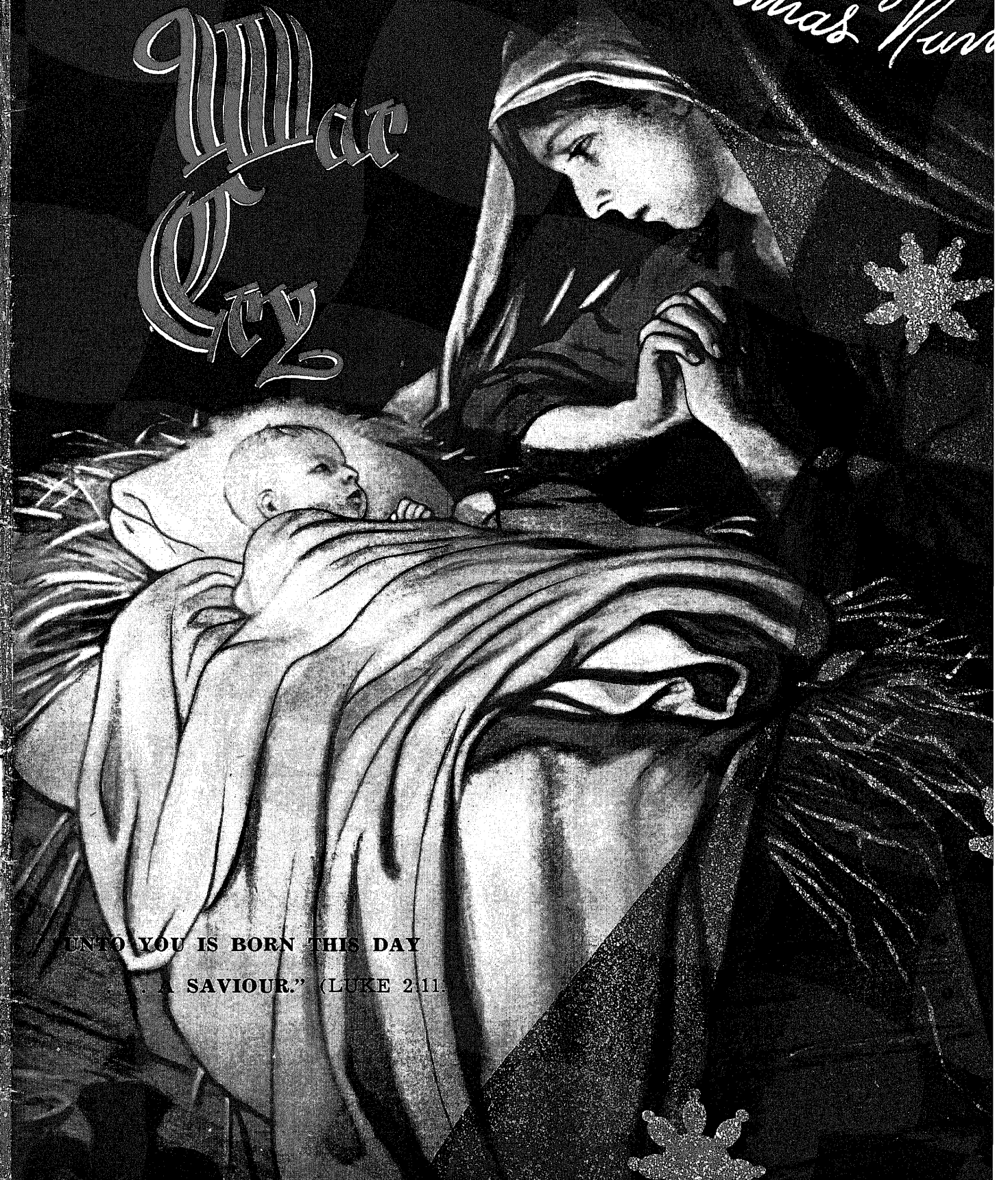


*The Flight
Into Egypt*

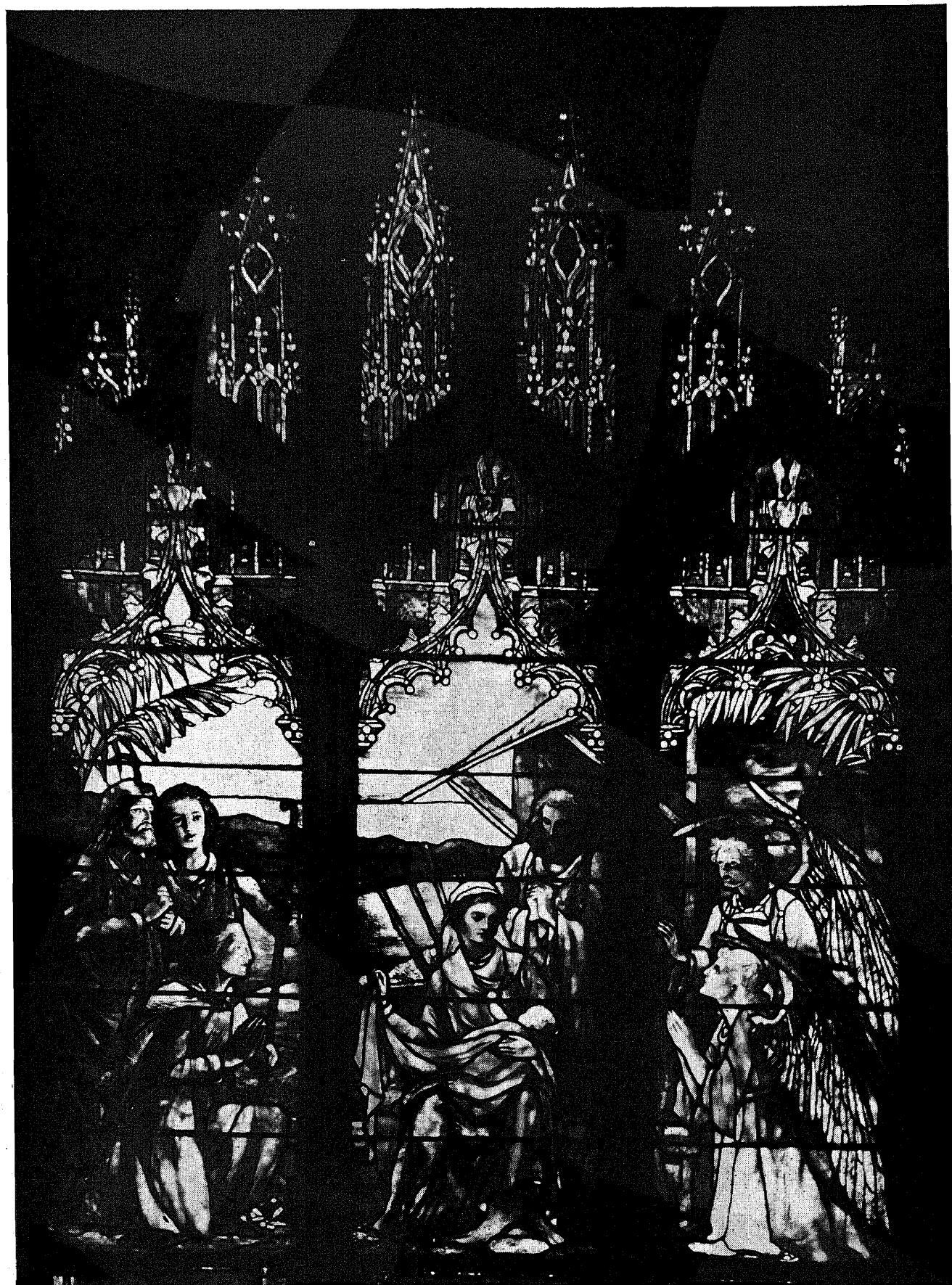
PAINTING BY
CHRISTIAN DAALSGAARD

The Manger Story

Christmas Number



"INTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY
A SAVIOUR." (LUKE 2:11)



"Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord"

Born in a Manger

YEAR by year Christmas repeats the same sermon, and its text is the unsearchable poverty of Christ. The world's Redeemer might have "visited His people" with all the dazzling marks of sovereignty which the prophets had attributed to Him. He might have assumed the pompous titles of Conqueror of Judah, Law-giver of the People, or Deliverer of Israel. Had He done so Jerusalem would, doubtless, have recognized Him whom the nation was desiring and expecting. But in such titles was only human glory, and Jesus comes to undeceive the world; to teach the nothingness of all such glory, and to open human eyes to true greatness and true power.

A Seasonable Meditation
By
THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER, Commissioner William R. Dalziel

The Son of Man, born in a barn, with only a mother's love to welcome Him!

And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

A strange sign, compared with the past of Judah. Commonplace even in comparison with the burning bush of Moses, or the fiery pillar of

Israel, or the Angel-Captain before Jericho; but in its strangeness there is fitness; in its simplicity there is force.

For just as the whole structure of the flower lies enfolded in the bud, or the history of the plant can be read in its first tiny green leaf; so may we read in this sign—the Babe in a manger at Bethlehem—the forecast of that wonderful life.

It proclaims the features of the life He came to live, and the faith He came to teach.

It proclaims the price God puts upon human distinctions—the things which the world regards as important; the things which so often set men apart from one another—rank, wealth, luxury and learning. These things go for nothing in the eyes of Christ.



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. Wm. R. DALZIEL



Christmas speaks to us with many voices, and none of them is without significance; but two truths lie on the surface of the sacred story. One has to do with the Divine nature and the other with human nature. One emphasizes the simplicities of the Kingdom of God; the other the true value of human affairs.

Christmas reminds us that each nameless baby born into the world is dear to the heart of God. It shows the world the truth that Peter perceived, that there is no respect of persons with



Painting by H. Hofmann

God. The lowly manger is chosen that He might be at home with the humblest of His brothers and sisters. And His early life corresponded to the hardship and humility of His nativity.

He was brought up in a cottage. He wore the garments of a workman; He labored with His hands. He understood what it meant to be hungry and thirsty, weary and of no account. He descended into the moral underworld that among the poor and outcast He might give His mercy away. He laid up treasure nowhere but in Heaven, and at the last died penniless and was buried in a borrowed grave.

Commonplace? Possibly; but wonderful! A sign!

Too often in the history of mankind religion has been confounded with the marvellous. The tokens of piety were looked for in extraordinary power or uncommon conduct. Christ sets all this aside, and makes the simplicity of childhood the sign of true religion; and the faith He taught in the years of His ministry corresponded with the sign of His birth.

Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

It is the simplicities of Christ and His kingdom over which men still stumble.

In Christian service the same applies. The cup of cold water; visiting the sick and in prison; the ready heart and the ready hand; the simple unrecorded acts of love; these

(Continued on page 6)



Christmas Morning!

FEARS and CHEERS

A Christmas Message

By
General
Albert
Orsborn
INTERNATIONAL LEADER
THE SALVATION ARMY

In some lands the celebrants are within the warmth and protection of home or church; in others, they keep their Christmas in the open air under conditions which the folk in colder latitudes could envy.

Yet vary as they may in form, all the world-wide Christmas festivities have these features—the Babe of the Manger is at the centre of the story, and the celebrations show forth the spirit of happiness

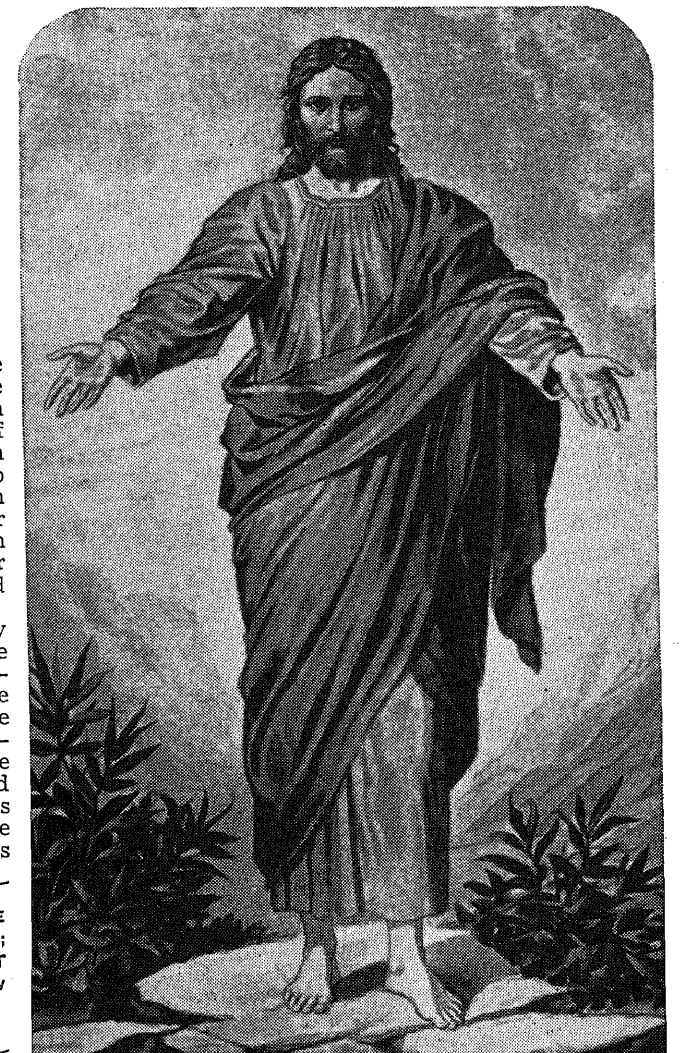
JESUS SAID: "BE OF GOOD CHEER; IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID." (Matthew 14:27)



CHRISTMAS customs differ widely in lands where the coming of the Christ-Child is celebrated. They vary according to the nature of the people, and are influenced by ancient traditions and even by climatic conditions. What would be suitable amid the sparkling frost and the driven snow of the arctic would be strangely out of harmony with the shimmering heat and the arid conditions of the torrid zone.

and good will. In many lands we refer to Christmas as a time of "Good cheer." Many a time the carol-singers, mainly young children, at my door have called to me:

Christmas comes but once a year,



Painting by Hofmann

And when it comes it brings good cheer.

As I ponder again on the course of the seasons and the coming of Christmas, I fall to thinking of the spirit of cheerfulness, but I think also upon the contrary spirit, the haunting evil that is in the world today, casting shadows and whispering alarm.

"Be of good cheer," said Jesus, and again, "Fear not, I am the first and the last."

The dark and the light, the negative and the positive, the defeated and the victorious, are in these contrasted Biblical words, "Fear" and "Cheer." Taking the words literally, the Bible refers more often to fears than to cheers, yet, undoubtedly, the predominant note of the Christian faith and message is all on the side of the cheers. Our generation is too familiar with the fear complex. Fear bestrides the five continents. (Continued on page 8)



Christmas Number

"A CHILD IS BORN" (Isaiah 9:6): The advent of a child, no matter of what race or color, is of interest in any part of the world. In the photograph General and Mrs. A. Orsborn are shown during a visit to the Army's Hospital, Ahmednagar, India. Mrs. Orsborn had the pleasure of dedicating the little ones to God.



A happy memory for this representative group of young guests of the Army at Jackson's Point Camp, Lake Simcoe, last summer was to be taken with Commissioner and Mrs. Wm. R. Dalziel. The camp is one of many operated by the Army throughout the Dominion of Canada.

BORN IN A MANGER (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

are the true standard of service to Christ. Not in the greatness of the act, but the goodness; not in the performance, but in the motive and spirit; these are the true measure.

The Divine object-lesson of the Babe in the manger presents another feature. It was a sign which would be universally intelligible. The appeal of the child is universal. Among superstitious savages; to hard-hearted, demoralized humanity; to the proud and the wealthy as to the humble and the poor; in any rank where power or poverty reigns, or even to the children themselves, a babe needs no elaborate explanation; it makes its own appeal; it touches the heart of humanity everywhere. It **DRAWS**. Surely here is significance! The Word made flesh in a form universally understood, universally appealing. It is a reminder of the Master's own words:

And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.

The Babe in the manger suggests also the true value of human affairs. All that could confound and put to naught human pride, was brought together in the spectacle of the Babe in the Manger.

If worldly honour and prosperity, if place and power, could make us happy here below and bring peace to human hearts, Christ would have appeared vested with them, and would have brought such benefits to His disciples. But He only brought peace to us by despising them and by teaching us to despise them also. He comes to offer us blessings more real and more durable, and which alone are capable of calming our hearts, of fulfilling our desires, and of relieving our anxieties.

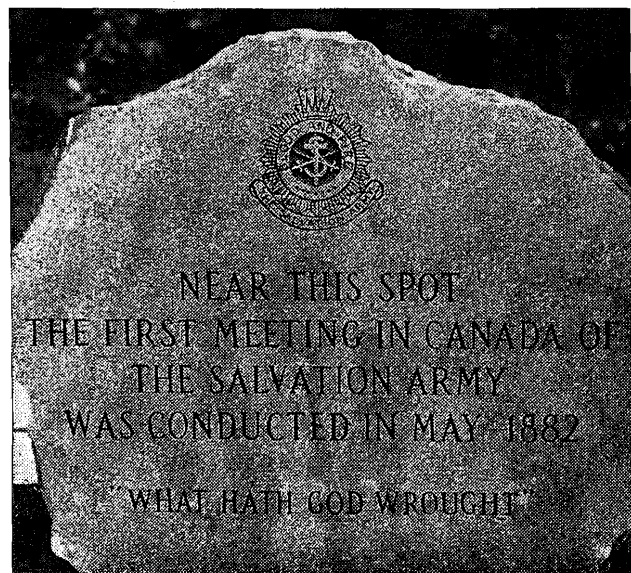
One of the great needs of our day is the restoration of the child heart. The restless, craving, anxious and often covetous spirit of mankind withers every good emotion and higher desire, leaving the soul dried up and unsatisfied. Only as we become trustful, gentle, guileless as children, will true peace be ours.

At the Master's Feet

A great scientist, speaking of scientific progress in the last decade, stated that the only successes which came to them were the result of listening to Nature's voice, observing her ways, obeying her demands, and so, ruling and using her forces. It is not otherwise in the realm of the spirit. The man of achievement is

"WHAT HATH
GOD WROUGHT"

In 1952 the Salvation Army will celebrate the Seventieth Anniversary of its founding in the Land of the Maple. On May 24 (Dominion Day), 1882, two young men from Britain, John Addie and Joseph Ludgate, held an open-air meeting in Victoria Park, London, Ontario, this being followed by further meetings, indoor and out. The work spread "like a prairie fire" until it was known from "sea to sea." The photograph shows the Commemorative Stone erected on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations in 1942.



he who sits as a child at the feet of the Master and listens and obeys.

All things are possible to him that believeth.

His Master's words are real words to such a man; His promises true.

The passions, the cares, the anxieties—those wild beasts which haunt the heart and wear the spirit—are vanquished. Their nature is transformed; ambition becomes the ambition to do the Master's will—"the wolf dwells with the lamb, the leopard lies down with the kid, the calf and the young lion and the fatling together—a little child shall lead them."

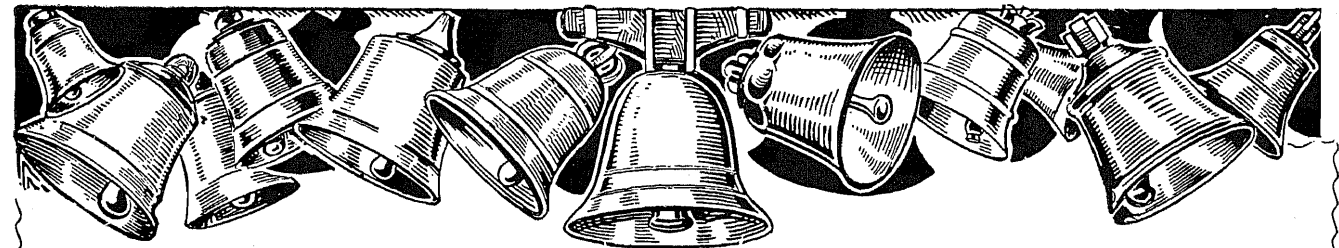
So, as we again tarry around the manger and renew our sense of wonder and worship this Christmas Day, let our prayer be:

O Saviour Christ, Who, as at this time, didst come into the world for our Salvation, and didst humble Thyself even as a little child for our redemption; establish in our hearts the true spirit of this glad season.

When Thou didst come into the world in the days of Thy flesh, the world had no room to receive Thee. Let it not come to pass today, that, when Thou comest to Thine own, Thine own receive Thee not. Forbid, Lord, that we should be so full of our own affairs and interests that the heart has no room for Thee. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee.

EDITORIAL NOTE

As was the case with the last issue of the Christmas War Cry, because of the changing of the presses from Albert Street, Toronto, to 471 Jarvis Street, some of the usual features have had to be omitted, including the regular three-color scheme. It is believed, however, that the present issue will find acceptance with its many readers.



Nativity

Philip Doddridge (1735)

Allegro moderato M. = 112

mf

1. Hark, the glad sound!—the Sa - viour comes, The Sa-viour prom-ised

f

long, The Sa - viour prom - ised long; Let ev-'ry

mf

heart pre - pare a throne, And ev-'ry voice a

And ev-'ry voice a song, And

cresc.

song, And ev-'ry voice a song,— And ev - 'ry voice a song.

ev-'ry voice a song, a song,— And ev - 'ry voice a song.

On Him the Spirit largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoner to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

FROM THE SALVATION ARMY TUNE BOOK

FEARS AND CHEERS

(Continued from page 5)

tinents and sails the seven seas. There is fear arising from the almost universal lowering of the moral currency. When men cannot trust each other, when the spoken word is unreliable, bonds are depreciated and pledges are debased, suspicions multiply, looks are sly and furtive, jealousies and envies are increased and insecurity breeds fears.

Recession from faith is another prime cause of fear. When men no longer say "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," they lack that confidence and hope which formerly strengthened the heart and carried their fathers over the rough roads and the high hills of life. This generation is discovering that Christian faith, as practised by the sturdy believers of earlier days, was not just a delightful sentiment or a social convention. *Faith is an indispensable element in successful living. When faith is neglected or abandoned, all human values fall.* Evict faith from the house of life, and you will be burgled and ruined by predatory fears. Neglect of God carries with it its own punishment, and the God-forgetting man must confess with the poet:

*Still behind me steps I hear
Of my life-companion, fear!
From myself that fear has
grown,*

And the shadow is my own.

"We have our fingers crossed until 1952," said a New York businessman to me. He was referring to economic fears — the sensitivity of the money market, the perils of international exchange of money and goods, the risks of business, the rise and fall of investments, the uncertain wealth of men and nations. In such things are the breeding grounds of highly dangerous fears. When recurrent wars destroy material assets, the survivors become avid for their share in what is left, hungry desires are born and are stimulated by shortage, and new strifes ensue.

Jeremiah referred to "a voice of trembling, of fear, and not of peace." The same tones are heard today as new clashes and discords break the comity of nations. We are beset by fears of renewed and more terrible strife. The toiler, the wage-earner, fears that his work may

fail, his slender savings collapse when banks and credits totter. He fears that the house he is buying may prove too much for his purse and the mortgagor foreclose on him. The young couple, looking toward the marriage altar, fear that war and misfortune may make a cruel jest of their happy dreams. The young mother feels apprehensive as she sees her baby boy begin to walk, and wonders whether he will one day go away while the drums and marching footsteps beat a mournful tattoo in her desolate heart.

Who can wonder at the extraordinary fears of ordinary people? Can we so soon forget the mechanical slaughter of a generation?

There is no doubt that fear is one of our stronger emotions. A certain amount of it is essential to a balanced character. Without it a sense of responsibility is lacking, and there are elements in evidence of rashness, hardness, cruelty and impotence.

We learn from the Bible that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." We are urged (1 Peter 1:17) to "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear." Fear carried to excess plays a large part in primitive religion, but properly enlightened, it becomes awe and reverence. These are qualities we do well to cultivate.

It is when fear is without God, and carried to excess, that it becomes the bane of our emotions and tyrannizes over the will. Against this kind of fear the Bible often warns us, and we are told such "fear hath torment."

Men are so conscious of fear that they have a whole science of it. Upon these classified terrors we will not dwell, but they range from the childish fear of the dark to the victim of pantophobia — fear of everything.

Since fears are so destructive of human happiness we naturally look for a true antidote. To fight it by direct assault, to cast it out by main force is not a success. The more you strive to drive it out, the more successfully you seem to drive it in! Even prayer about fear may sometimes become merely a sublimated anxiety, lacking the secret of true repose in God.

Spiritual strategy requires both a Presence and a glorious truth to be introduced to cancel and drive out fear. The Psalmist cried, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." And again, "The Lord is my salvation: whom shall I fear?"

Jesus came to us with the message, "Fear not." And we do well at this Christmas season to remember that the Gospels give us three "Good cheers." They all come direct from Jesus to our fear-stricken hearts. What wonderful Christmas gifts, if only we will accept them!

"Be of good cheer. Thy sins be forgiven thee." Sins forgiven means no more tax of suffering and fear upon the conscience.

"Be of good cheer: it is I. . . . Be not afraid" conveys an assurance of a Living Presence in whose light fears cannot live.

"Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." God has the first and the last word — "Fear not. . . ." Ring the bells: sing the carols: exchange gifts: kneel at the cradle.

A happy Christmas to you one and all. I give you "Good cheer."

Statues of History

IN front of the homes of many Canadian Native Indians, there is a pillar which tells their entire history. The Indian totem poles are a sign or symbol; they may record the story of a tribe, a clan, or an individual. Some are family totems. Totem poles are much like the coat-of-arms of great families, or like the American eagle and the British lion.

When an Indian visits a strange encampment, he can tell by the totems where he will be welcome. Members of one totem must support and befriend each other. The white man has never well understood the totems. The tales of tribal moves and battles and customs carved in wood cannot be read except by the Indians who treasure them.

Some of the best totems today are found along the western Canadian coast and also in Alaska. These totems are unlike any other art work in the world.

(See picture on page 12)



WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER AND FIRST GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY

(A hitherto unpublished photograph taken at the Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park, Toronto, during one of his notable visits to Canada.)

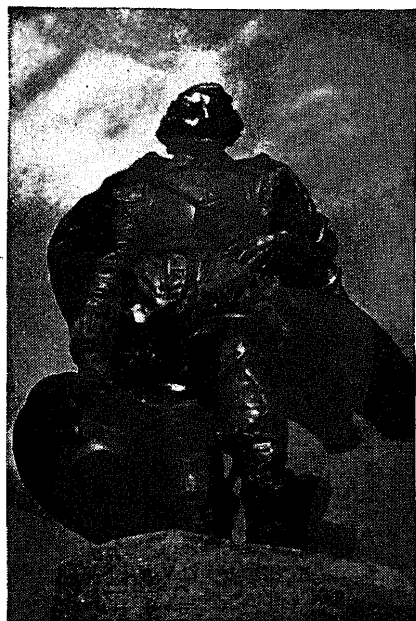
Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Albert Orsborn, General; William R. Dalziel, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

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The Champlain Monument, Orillia, Ontario, part of which is shown above, is one of the most impressive of its kind in the world.

THE first Christmas ever kept in Canada was by Jacques Cartier and his brave handful of Breton sailors, as they wintered by the great rock where the city of Quebec was to rise, in 1533. They doubtless kept it in the French fashion, more as a religious festival than the English did, for the French, like their allies the Scotch, did their feasting at New Year's. But they doubtless had the charm-

Varied Christmases In A GLANCE BACK THROUGH

ing French "Peace-making," when Cartier would read from his French Bible — "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be known as the children of God." And any of the hotheads in that company who had had angry words — and perhaps more, would be urged by their friends to come forward and shake hands.

But that first Canadian Christmas could not have been a merry one, for many of Cartier's men were dead or dying of scurvy.

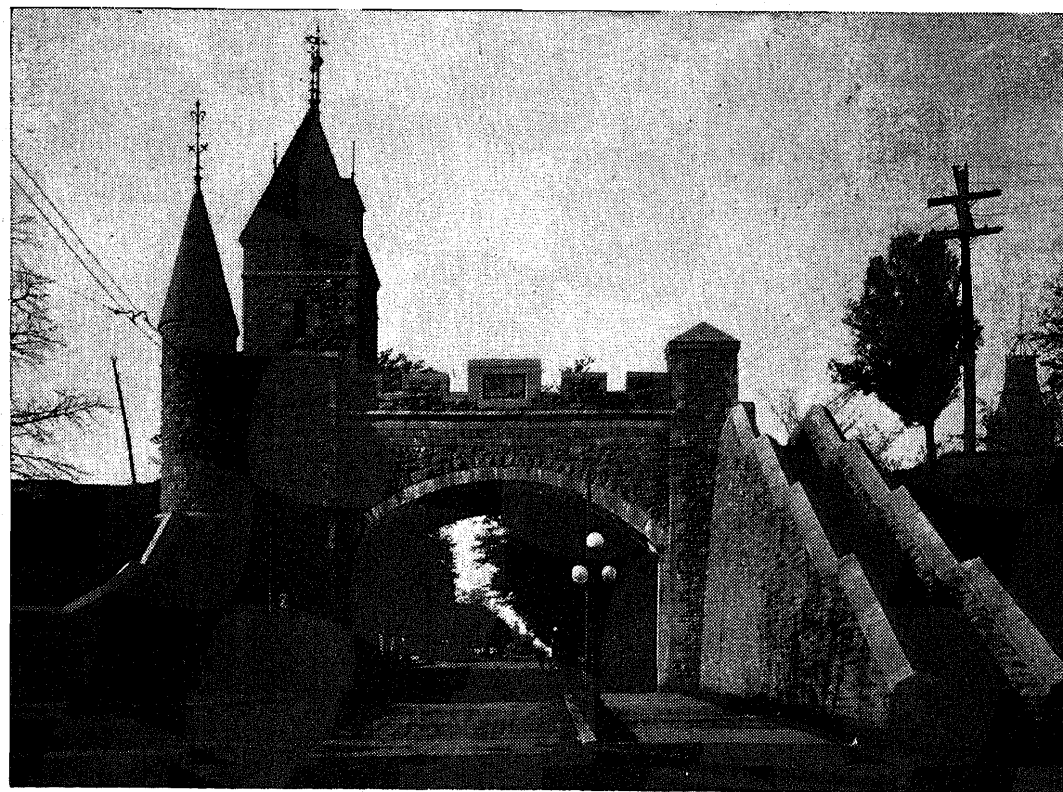
The Genius of Champlain

The second time white men wintered in Canada was in Nova Scotia, in 1605, and there they suffered too terribly from the scurvy to keep any kind of feast; but the next summer the genius of Champlain took hold of things, insisted on trying to grow European vegetables in Canada—though all the agricultural experts in Europe said that nothing belonging to the old world could possibly flourish in the new. However, the vegetables did grow and with them, especially onions, scurvy was banished — it being caused by a salt meat diet — and the Christmas of 1606 was a truly merry one, kept with feasting and games. And more than that, that Christmas meant that the white man had come to Canada to stay.

The next Christmas Day marked in Canadian history was in 1635, but in the tiny French colony of Quebec it was kept with half-masted flags and tolling bells, for early that Christmas morning, Samuel de Champlain, maker of Canada, had died.

It is good indeed that Canada had for her founder a man, who, besides being brave and energetic, was as true as man could be. We may think sometimes that "sharp" men are the ones who prosper, but our history shows us that the reason why French Canada never had a war with Canadian Indians — the Iroquois were invaders, from what is now New York State — was because it was impossible for Champlain to cheat or lie; and so he founded Quebec on the foundations of peace with the Indians of Lower Canada, and the haughty Hurons of Ontario. And then he died on the Feast of Peace, December 25, 1635.

Our next date is December 24, 1814. The war of 1812 had blasted Upper Canada with fire. Settlement after settlement has been destroyed by the invading Americans; and five Ontario towns have been wantonly burnt. Everywhere are black ashes; and the graves of brave men who have died in battle with the invaders, or have fallen victims to



Quebec City is more like a European medieval town than any other city in Canada. Traces of the ancient walls are seen here and there, and other evidences of the foundation of this historic centre, founded in the seventeenth century. The photograph shows St. Louis Gate, part of the ancient fortifications on the heights overlooking the city, and still kept in good repair. Steps at the side lead up to part of the wall or dikes, once ramparts of the fort.

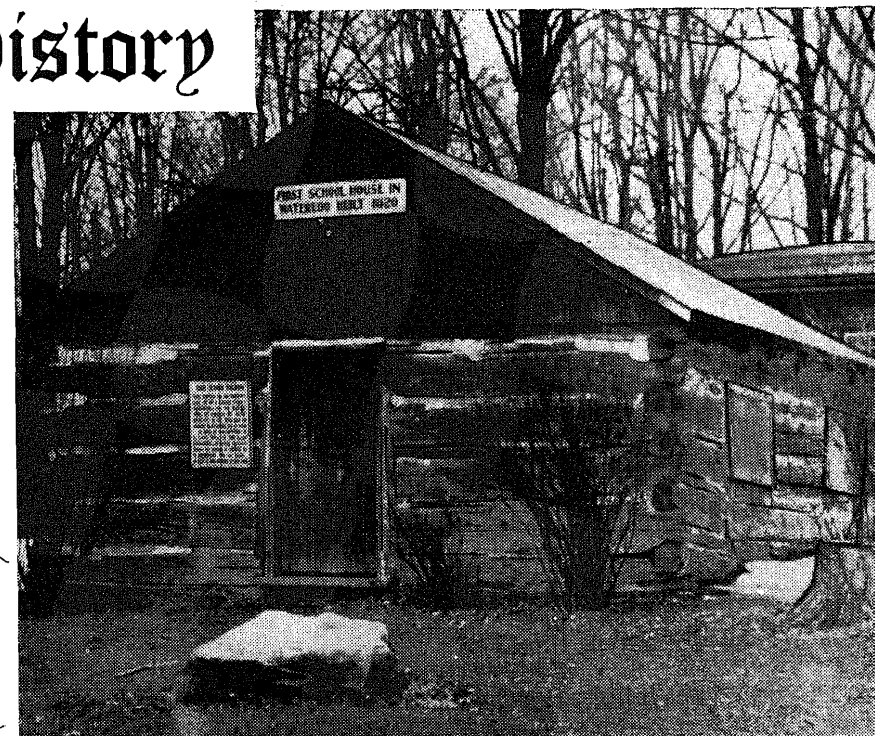


Canadian History THE YEARS

"swamp fever" (malaria) caused by having to live and fight in the bush, with no food but game meat, and often being forced to eat that raw, as a fire would have betrayed their presence to the enemy, who so greatly outnumbered our men.

Still the Canadians fought on, till England, having disposed of Napoleon, was able to come to the aid of her brave colony; and after she had burnt Washington, the United States began to think of peace. So in December, 1814, the British and American commissioners met at

The original school building at Waterloo, Ont. (companion city to Kitchener). Waterloo recently celebrated its attaining "city status," having passed a population of 10,000.



Ghent, in Belgium, to arrange the terms of peace.

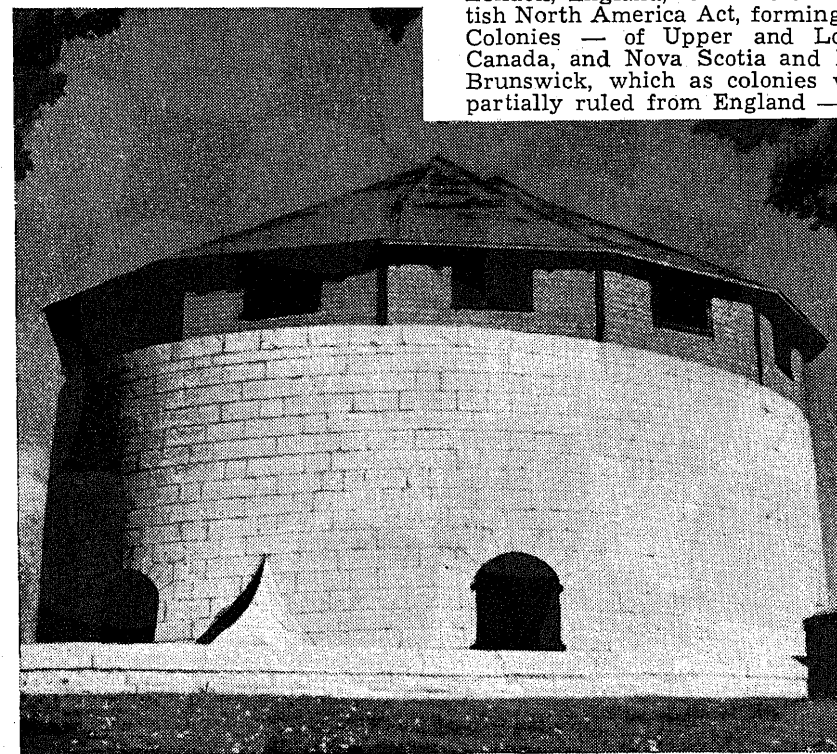
The bells in all the quaint old churches were ringing in the twilight, ringing joy peals, for it was Christmas Eve, the beginning of the festival of the Prince of Peace, when peace was signed between England and Canada and the United States!

1814 and 1951! One hundred and thirty-seven times the Christmas bells have rung out for peace since

then, and the peace between Canada and the United States has never been broken, and proudly and thankfully we can say:

*"Four thousand miles of boundary line,
With never a fort or gun to guard."*

Another important Christmas in Canadian history is December 24, 1866. Three weeks before, sixteen men had met in Westminster Hall, London, England, to frame the British North America Act, forming the Colonies — of Upper and Lower Canada, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which as colonies were partially ruled from England — in-



to one Canada, a self-governing Dominion!

And all the sixteen men were Canadians, for England had so ordered that only Canadian men should make the Act that was to make Canada!

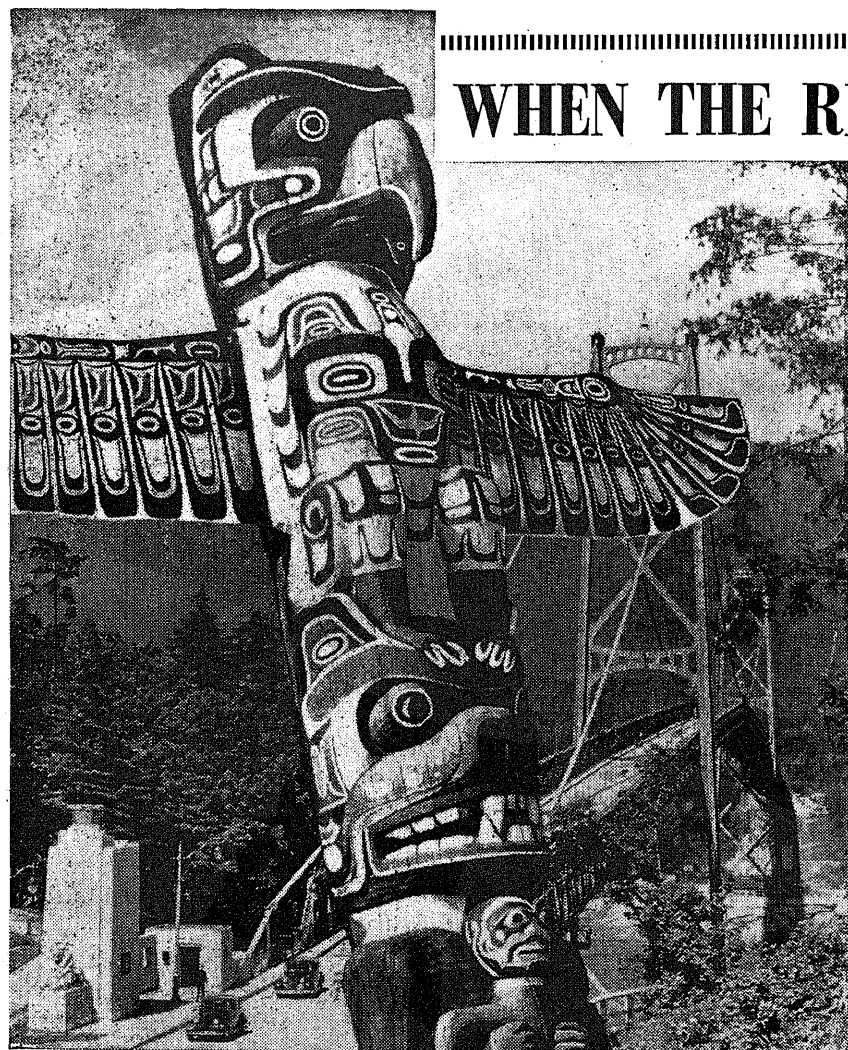
Upper and Lower Canada had sent John A. Macdonald (Father of Confederation) with Messrs. Galt, Cartier, Howland, McDougall and Langevin; from Nova Scotia came Messrs. Tupper, Archibald, McCully and Henry; while New Brunswick sent Messrs. Tilley, Fisher, Mitchell, Johnson, Wilmot and Ritchie.

And on that Christmas Eve the Commission had finished their work, the Bill was ready to be presented for passing to the British Parliament, and then it would receive Queen Victoria's signature, and become law, on July 1, 1867!

The last thing done on that Christmas Eve was to choose a title for the new-born Canada; and Tilley, of New Brunswick, read aloud from the Scriptures: "He shall have dominion—this Dominion—from sea to sea."

From the hundred spires of grand Old London rang out the Christmas bells; they were the dedication chimes of CANADA THE DOMINION, and which now includes Newfoundland.

Kingston, Ont., possesses one of those mysterious Martello Towers that are scattered sparsely in parts of Canada. That at Kingston is situated in MacDonald Park, which is the home of some of Canada's treasured relics.



WHEN THE RIVER CHANGED ITS COURSE

It was gone, the truth sank slowly,
For true this fearsome thing must be.
Was it a sign they'd lost the favor
Of the Saghalee Tyee?
Then indeed were they forsaken;
But their chief spoke out at last.
"We have not time to sit in wonder,
Soon the summer will be past,
We must go and seek the river,
Somewhere sure, its waters flow.
Up, you braves, go out and seek it,
Prepare yourselves at once, and go!"

Out then went the youthful searchers,
Over valley, hill and wood,
Northward did they seek to follow,
Where the lordly forest stood.
Days they walked, and nights they rest-
ed.

Then they paused with sudden shock,
Mile on mile spread there before them,
Fields of glowing rock.
Fields of lava flowing downward,
Burying all beneath its flow,
Through other channels their great river,
Now must seek its course to go.

A Native Indian Totem Pole in Canada's far North-West. The various figures of beasts and birds denote epochs in tribal history.

.. A Narrative Poem Based On An Indian Epic ..

WAS it the unwonted silence,
Bade the Naasca lad arise
Ere the sun rose o'er the mount-
ain
Painting red the morning skies?
About him, lay the sleeping village,
Before, the darkened river bed.
All the world lay still in shadow,
Shadow fraught with sudden dread.
Straight and tense, the lad stood gazing,
Listening, wondering, heart a-quiver;
Catching up his water vessel
Sped he swiftly to the river.
The Naascas dearly loved their river,
Built their villages beside it.
For food and drink they sought its
waters,
The Naas graciously supplied it.
But this morning, struck with terror,
Gazed he at the river bed.
Throwing down his water vessel,
Swiftly up the path he sped.
Loud he called the sleeping village,
Bade them rise and come with speed
See what awful thing befell them,
Surely this was curse indeed!
For there wasn't any river,
Deep its bed lay, black and bare,
No sign of the flowing waters,
That through all ages, had been there!

Quickly on the bank they gathered
Gazed with unbelieving awe.
But slowly could their minds accept it,
The dark and dreadful thing they saw.
"Where, Oh where the clear full water,
Lapping at its sandy brink?
Where now their abundant fishing?
Where now would men stoop to drink?"
Here was only devastation,
Here was darkness, damp and bare,
But their beauteous, well loved river,
"Where?" they could but question
"Where?"

The Native Indian Salvation Army Hall at "Canyon City," situated on the bank of the Naas River. Note the "Army Crest" window under the gable of the building—and the bell (at left) which does duty on all occasions. Incidentally, the hall is on the bank of the new course of the Naas River described in the poem on this page.



None might cross the burning barrier,
None cross the burning lava plain.
They could but retrace their footsteps,
And seek their village home again.
Wise was Naasca's ancient chieftain,
And his voice was calm and grave,
As he called his tribe together
And to them his orders gave.
"The spirit of the mountain,
Again is filled with ire,
It again in rage has spoken,
And again spewed forth its fire.
(Continued on page 24)

CAROLING in MANY LANDS

A Description of Seasonable Army Activities in Vary- ing Climates

AS the Christmas season draws near, the music forces of the Army in the ninety countries and colonies in which its flag flies, burst into seasonable song. Individually the volume may not sound great, but if it were possible

Though in a vastly different climate to that of Canada, these young people of India enjoy singing the familiar carols. "Father Christmas" is in the foreground distributing gifts. A Canadian missionary officer, Captain R. Woolcott, representative of many from the Land of the Maple, is in the middle of the group.



to gather together the 14,000 bandmen and songsters what a mighty paean of praise would be heard joining with the herald angels in proclaiming the birth of the Saviour of the World!

There are no hard-and-fast rules governing caroling (or "serenading" as it is termed in Canada) in the Army's far-flung battle line, and it is only natural that local customs must to some extent influence the way of projecting the story of the Nativity. The main thing is: the true significance of Christmas is the theme of whatever efforts are made—in whatsoever island or continent or remote native centre they are sounded. In Canada, most corps begin some three weeks before the Day itself to cover the entire district allotted to them in a businesslike way, so that it is all finished by the time the 25th has arrived. In other lands, not much is

done before Christmas, but much is made of the actual day, and of the week following it.

It would seem that countries where the climate is similar to Canada—such as in England and in

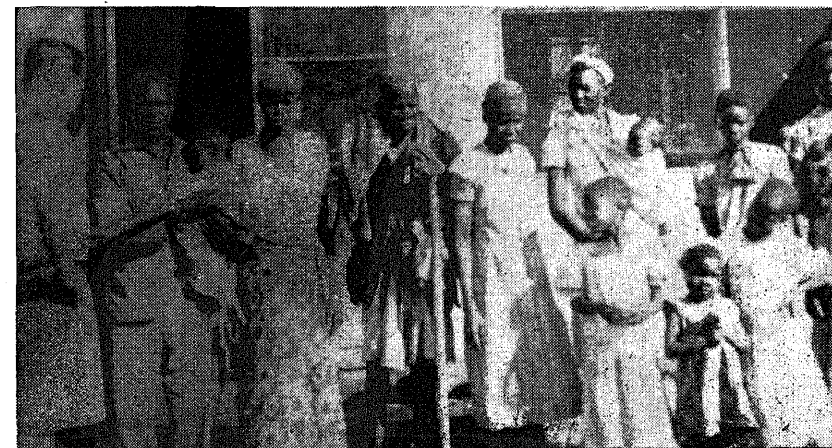
carol service is a unique and unforgettable feature of that semi-tropical land. Shiploads of folk glide up the Yarra River, at Melbourne, disembark at the Alexandra Gardens and light up candles, so that a thousand sparkles light up the night, gleaming on the gaunt limbs of the eucalyptus trees and on the faces of the animated crowd. Carols are sung, and the service is broadcast.

Boatloads of Young People

The Army has taken the liberty of borrowing this idea and, the Saturday before Christmas, several launch-loads of young folk—members of the many youth groups in and around Melbourne—"set sail" in early evening, alighting at a spot called the tea gardens, some miles up the river. It is dark by this time, so candles are lit, carol-sheets distributed, and led by the various divisional secretaries, the grand strains of well-known carols ascend into the balmy air.

Interspersing the songs, are earnest, brief talks on the great Theme of Christ, given by the Territorial Commander, the Chief Secretary, or the Territorial Young People's Secretary. The youths and maidens listen intently to these thoughtful addresses, and undoubtedly many of them are influenced for life by these memorable sessions in nature's great cathedral. Apart from this event, of course, the various corps engage in serenading the

ALL AGES. A group of patients all of which arrived together one evening for treatment at one of the Army's hospitals in Rhodesia.





"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep."

PALESTINE, the background for most of the Bible Story, has been called "The Unchanging East," but steam and motor are supplanting the camel, the ass, and the "two women at the mill;" tractors are taking the place of the ox and ass yoked to the crooked, oaken, one-handled plow; mechanical reapers are supplanting the sickle, and the aeroplane now flies with the eagle.

But the shepherd life of the Holy Land has remained unchanged since the days of Abraham and of the first Christmas. The natives of Palestine are composed of three distinct classes. There is the artisan and merchant class who reside in the cities, and the Bedouin tent-dweller, who is a nomad and warrior, moving with his flocks and herds from place to place as circumstances dictate.

The shepherds belong to the fellah, or peasant class. They are the true farmers of the country. They live in little villages and the rearing of flocks is one of their principal occupations. To see the shepherd of this interesting land at his best one should visit Beit Sahur, or take a trip down the Ain Farah gorge. I have spent some time studying the shepherd and his sheep at both places, and have come away marvelling at the simple dignity and noble calling of these peasant flock-keepers. Their very dress and demeanor bespeak their calling.

Beit Sahur is a little village just beyond Bethlehem among the hills of Judea. They call it the "Shep-

Shepherds

HEROES OF

herds' Village," and so it is, for it is occupied by the peasants who toil in the fields reaping their crops and tending their flocks. The Ain Farah gorge is the summer meeting-place of the shepherds. It is a wild ravine among the hills not far from Jerusalem. From time immemorial the shepherds have been in the habit of gathering here in the Summer months to rest and water their flocks. Many writers associate this spot with the 23rd Psalm. The shepherd boys of Bethlehem come here today as no doubt David did when he tended his father's sheep. Until fairly recently the gorge was difficult of approach, but the engineers have built a roadway down it and its spring has been harnessed to supply Jerusalem with water. Water still flows through the ravine and on a hot summer day I have counted

ering only, it is his raiment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep?"

Every shepherd carries the traditional "rod and staff." It is with such weapons that he protects his flock from wild beasts and defends himself against robbers and thieves. His staff is really a heavy club, often with a head studded with nails, made of the hardest wood, and of formidable shape. A hole is bored through the lighter end, the handle, so that it may be attached by a piece of string to the girdle, or, when used as a weapon, around the wrist.

The shepherd's rod is a light stick, not in the form of a crook, for that is never seen. The end may be forked or bent, but it is not shaped like the pastoral staff of a bishop. When the shepherd brings home his sheep and leads them to the fold he often stands at the entrance, places the rod

By Harold J. Shepstone

as many as thirty to forty shepherds here with over a thousand sheep and goats.

The shepherd boy is usually the youngest male laborer of the family. As the oldest son grows up to help his father with the sowing, plowing, reaping, threshing and olive picking, a younger takes his place with the flock; and so on down the line until the lot of being the family shepherd finally falls to the youngest. Thus it was with the youth David, who, even when in later life he became psalmist and king, failed not to recall his shepherd days, and in thinking thereon to weave their romance into his sublime poetry.

The shepherd boy wears a simple robe of cotton strapped around his body by a girdle. Over this he wears a coat, or aba, made of coarse hand-spun wool. This outer garment is warm, sheds the hardest rain, and takes the place of a blanket. When the youth is out with the flock at night he wraps his aba about him and, with a stone for a pillow, sleeps like Jacob of old at Bethel. No wonder then that Moses, the law-giver, commanded that "if thou take thy neighbor's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down: for that is his cov-

er across the doorpost, and counts the sheep one by one as they pass under the rod. This method of counting goes back to the days of Moses on Sinai. But the main object of placing the rod across the door-post is to drop it and stop the entrance of any animal which is not of the flock, for often a stray dog tries to take advantage of the open door.

The fold is a space at the back of the shepherd's home, surrounded by a high wall with but a single entrance. Here he places the sheep in one pen and the goats in another, on the plea that the goats are of a restless, fighting disposition, and consequently disturb the slumbers of the sheep. At night, wrapped in his aba,



Christ Is All

"A WAY He is to lost ones that have strayed;
A Robe He is to such as naked be;
Is any hungry, to all such He is Bread;
Is any weak, in Him how strong is He!
To him that is dead He is Life; to sick men, Health;
Eyes to the blind, and to the poor man Wealth."

Dr. Thomas Guthrie.

of Bethlehem

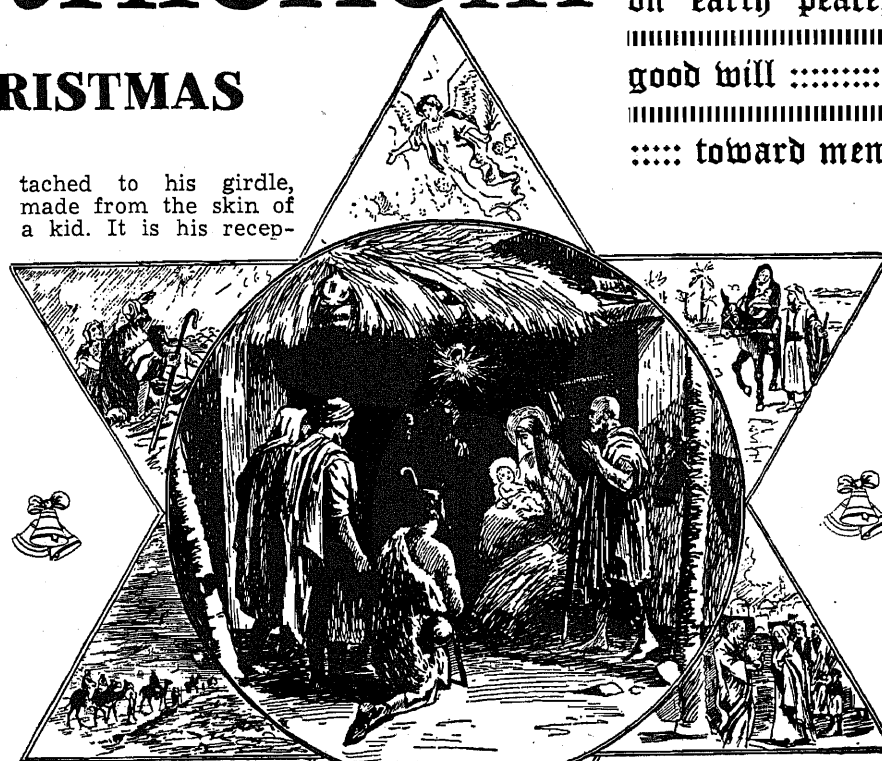
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

the shepherd snatches his rest on the roof of his dwelling so that he can keep a watch against robbers. He knows they will not enter by the door, for that is locked and bolted, but will climb the wall.

The first article that a shepherd boy possesses is a sling. As he watches over the feeding of the flock he cuts a little loose wool from the back of one of the sheep, spins it with the aid of a smooth pebble, and then converts the yarn into a sling. With this he becomes expert at throwing stones to a great distance, and with much precision. It not only serves as a weapon of defense in driving off hyenas and other wild beasts, but when a sheep wanders off and will not return at his call, he will drop a stone near it, and this at once has the desired effect.

With their slings the shepherd boys are dead shots. Place an orange on the bough of a tree and stand one of these boys thirty paces away and tell him the fruit is his if he can bring it down, and the chances are the orange will come off its perch in the first shot. Not so very long ago one of these boys and his sling figured in a case in the Jerusalem court. The boy had killed a valuable dog who was molesting the sheep and the owner of the shop claimed compensation. Among the exhibits was the skull of the dog and in the centre of the forehead a little round hole caused by a stone from the sling which had penetrated to the brain. It was in this way that David slew Goliath with one of the "five smooth stones from the brook" which he carried in his bag or scrip. Every shepherd carries a bag at-

tached to his girdle, made from the skin of a kid. It is his recep-



tacle for his stones, his food and other articles.

No shepherd boy is without his zamoor, or flute. This flute is simply a hollow reed, pierced with a few holes and fitted with a mouthpiece. With such a flute a shepherd will play to himself and his sheep for hours together. His repertoire may be very limited, but when the piping is heard in the wild, semi-barren hills of Judea the sound is distinctly sweet and cheerful.

The shepherds claim to know their own sheep and they give them

Glory to God in
the highest, and
on earth peace,
good will
toward men.

names, the appellations being suggestive of some peculiarity of feature. Thus we hear such names as "Brown Ear," and "Black Ear." Visiting Australian troops in Palestine, who had come from the great sheep stations of the Commonwealth, could not believe that these shepherds could pick out their own sheep and they put it to a test. Some thirty sheep belonging to one of the shepherds were purposely mixed up in a pen with a number of others. The shepherd was blindfolded. He then entered the enclosure and selected his own sheep by simply running his hands over them.

As the shepherd goes in front of his sheep at night-fall he will tap the rocks and stones with his staff or rod. The sheep, hearing the noise, are assured of the presence of their leader, and though it is dark they follow the sound. Thus we perceive the meaning of the psalmist when he says: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

In the summer months the shep-
(Continued on page 23)



A Palestinian shepherd and his flock.



Luke 2:40-52

THE FINDING OF THE BOY CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

Painting by Holman Hunt



"And every voice a song."

Hark the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

HAD the reader chanced, one Sabbath evening, some years ago, to pause under the beautifully illuminated stained-glass windows of a large church located on the main thoroughfare of a certain thriving town in old Ontario, the volume of sweet music floating forth on the frosty air would at once have attracted notice. For the congregation was the largest in the town, the organ magnificent in tone, and the choir enjoyed the reputation of being the best for miles around.

On ascending the broad stone steps and passing up into the spacious and brilliantly-lighted interior one would have been further impressed by the splendor of the auditorium, and the general air of well-being and comfort. It might have been surmised, and quite correctly, that the congregation was made up of prosperous folk, and that their interest in the church, so far as external appearances went, at least, was of a practical nature.

The "Amen" Corner

That interest in the spiritual side of things was not entirely lacking was indicated by the nods, smiles

The CAROL

A Story of Old Ontario and

and occasional "Amens" from a certain, if old-fashioned, section of the congregation, in response to the earnest utterances of the minister in charge, an elderly man, with silver-grey hair and benign countenance.

The sermon concluded, the choir impressively robed in white surplices, rendered an anthem in honor of the occasion—Christmas Eve—in the course of which one of their number engaged in a prominent solo part. The soloist was but a lad in his teens, with a frank, boyish face, and possessed of a sweet tenor voice, which augured well, musically at any rate, for his future. He had many admirers among the congregation, and some of these thought that the young chorister excelled himself in his efforts.

With the closing of the anthem came the benediction, and the dismissal of the congregation, following which the choir withdrew. The young man aforementioned, as soon as the choir room was reached, with rather more haste than dignity, discarded his surplice, and hanging it on a peg, made his exit through a side door.

Pleasant Scottish Burr

"Hello, Bob!" a hearty voice with a pleasant Scottish burr, hailed the lad, outside the building. "I was pleased to hear your voice tonight laddie, ye dinna do sae poorly."

Bob turned with a smile, highly pleased at the compliment. Deacon Macdonald seldom made remarks on the choir's "high falutin'" singing as he termed it, and to be praised by him, one of the pillars of the church, was praise indeed.

"Thanks, Mr. Macdonald," he replied brightly. "The top notes were a trifle weak, you know, but with a little more practice I'll be able to improve on that, no doubt."

The deacon grasped the boy's hand, "But dinna forget," he said earnestly, "That an understanding heart back of your singing will make the people understand. And we canna help the people to the Lord unless our hearts are in tune with His."

Bob laughed and darted off into the night, but the warm impress of the good old man's hand remained

in his own, and his words in his heart.

"Whatever did the old chappie mean by an 'understanding heart?'" he pondered, as he shook the snow-flakes from his clothing, and laid his hand on the latch of the little bungalow door, of the home where he lived with his parents.

For Bob did not, as yet, know the meaning of a personal Salvation.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

"Will you alter your decision, Bob? You know that your father is dead set against it," Bob Falconer's mother was speaking.

"I know Dad is anxious that I should stick to my music and make good that way, but everybody's talking about the West these days. There's no future and no work for a fellow in this burgh and there's



WINTER IN THE KOOTENAYS. A LONE TRAVELLER PREPARES A HASTY MEAL.

in the KOOTENAYS

Distant British Columbia

By GLADSTONE FARADAY

all kinds of adventure awaiting out in the Rockies. Jack Hartley told me only yesterday that his brother Jim wrote from Calgary to say there was all kinds of gold in the mountains." And Bob flung out his hands as if about to grasp the precious metal.

"Maybe so, but I want to tell you that the same precious metal needs a mighty lot of hard digging, my boy. If you are wise you will listen to your father's advice, and stay at home."

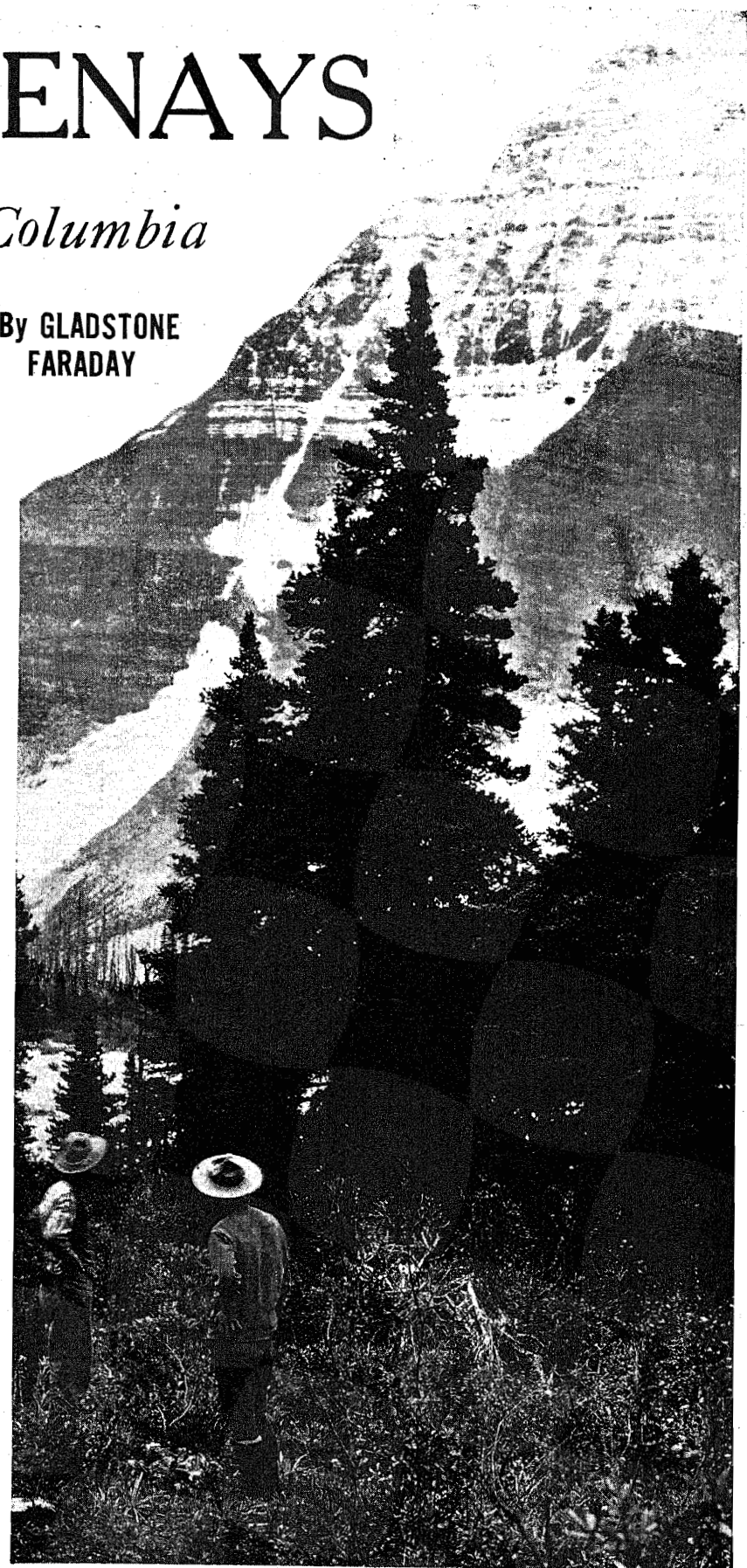
Mr. Falconer was a good-natured, hard-working, easy-going sort of man, and not possessing an abundance of education himself, was anxious that his children should get all they could. He was particularly proud of Bob's knowledge of music, and hoped some day to see him a professor of the art. Bob's proposition to go out West was therefore not quite in keeping with his idea of things.

"It's wasting of all your learning," he objected. "What has the good Lord given you talents for if you are going to throw them all away? And what will the choir do without you, to be sure?" Mr. Falconer was proud of Bob's knowledge of music, in the big church of which he himself was a worthy member. But Bob was persistent. The fever for adventure raged in his blood and was he not twenty-one now, and able to choose for himself? He bothered and badgered his parents so much that at last they gave tardy consent, and so, with a small stock of savings drawn from the local bank in his purse, and a ticket to Winnipeg in his pocket, he waved an excited farewell to his old home-town.

The old deacon was among those to see him off at the station and as he shook hands with the old man he remembered his words about an "understanding heart." "Ah, well," he reflected, "I'm through with the choir-singing for a time, anyway." And settled down to prepare for his long journey of well over a thousand miles.

Bob Falconer was delighted with all he saw of the Gateway City to the West. Its wide, straight streets, tall buildings and pleasant green boulevards appealed vastly to him, (Continued on page 22)

MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS IN CANADA





A Happy Christmas, after all!

RADIO NEWS ITEM (in a thriving Canadian town): "Family of seven, three months to sixteen years of age, left homeless orphans by fire. Father gives life for little tots, mother dying of shock."

Later news item: Mother's dying word to Salvation Army officer: "You will try to keep the children together, won't you?" Receiving assurance, she whispered "Thank God, oh, thank God!" The children are in temporary homes; the officer and wife taking the eldest, and the two youngest.

Radio news item: The funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Naismith took place today. The service was conducted by Major G— of the local Army corps. The Major is bending every effort to the finding of a home where all seven of the fire-orphaned children can be (as their mother so wished) together. A devoted couple, they had found, and taught their children to find, comfort and joy in just being together; loving and being loved by all the rest.

News item: Major G—, of the local Salvation Army corps, reports visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bob Everest, living about thirty miles distant, who have offered a home to all of the Naismith children. The Major regards it as a definite answer to prayer.

Press item: Officials of local welfare society and service clubs, accompanied Major G— of the Salvation Army to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Everest, yesterday, returning well pleased at their findings.

'T WAS CHRISTMAS NIGHT

AN "ANGEL LANE" STORY

A fine, large, well-furnished farmhouse; and a childless couple with hearts as big as their house and barns and fields. Both say "Now it will be a real home. And to think that we are getting a baby too!"

Radio item: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Everest came to town, today, and with the help of Major and Mrs. G— and a friend or two, moved the seven Naismith children to their new home.

Ever since the fire which robbed them of their parents, they have had the loving interest of the local Salvationists.

The deft fingers of Home League members have knitted socks and

papers relative to the matter, although he was left well-provided for. In his mid-twenties Bob met and married a country-bred girl; and they eventually purchased their present home.

Radio item: The Salvation Army Major and his wife, took time off, yesterday, to visit to the Everest home. They found the Naismith children in radiant health and spirits; and left Bob Everest and his wife even happier; for the Major—with the aid of the Army's Missing Persons' Bureau, had actually found Bob's long-lost sister, who, with her husband, was even then on her way to the farm, for Christmas!

'Twas Christmas Night. The big living-room of the Everest's farmhouse was a lovesome spot. The wide sills of the big windows held a variety of lovely house-plants, aglow with blossoms of rose and violet and pink and crimson and white.

Here a big pot of weird and wonderful varieties of cacti hobnobbed with a dainty shamrock; there, the gleam of salmon-pink "patience," vied with the snow-white blooms of a wax-leaved begonia, or glossy-leaved rubber plants. The proud Rex begonia with its gorgeous leaves, and tall sprays of exquisite waxen blooms, reigned beside vari-colored geraniums, or compared notes with wide-eyed African violets. A huge Scotch pine, asparkle and aglitter, filled the big bay window; the thick, velvety rug, gleaming floors and wood-work, the soft drapes, well-chosen pictures, and softly-radiant lamps, made a charming setting for the four middle-aged, four young, persons, gathered there. The tiny-wees were sleeping, after a wonderful, exciting day.

Slender, pretty dark-eyed and dark-haired Evelyn now says shyly: "My brothers and I want to say, for ourselves, and for the little ones, 'Thank you, Aunt Marjorie and Uncle Bob, Aunt Jessica and Uncle Ted; for all that you have done for us; for the lovely home you have given us; for all that the Christmas has meant to us; but most of all we want you to know how glad and happy it makes us, just to be here, together, with YOU.'"

A moment of poignant silence; then a boisterous bark was heard, as Chum, the big tawny and white

(Continued on page 24)

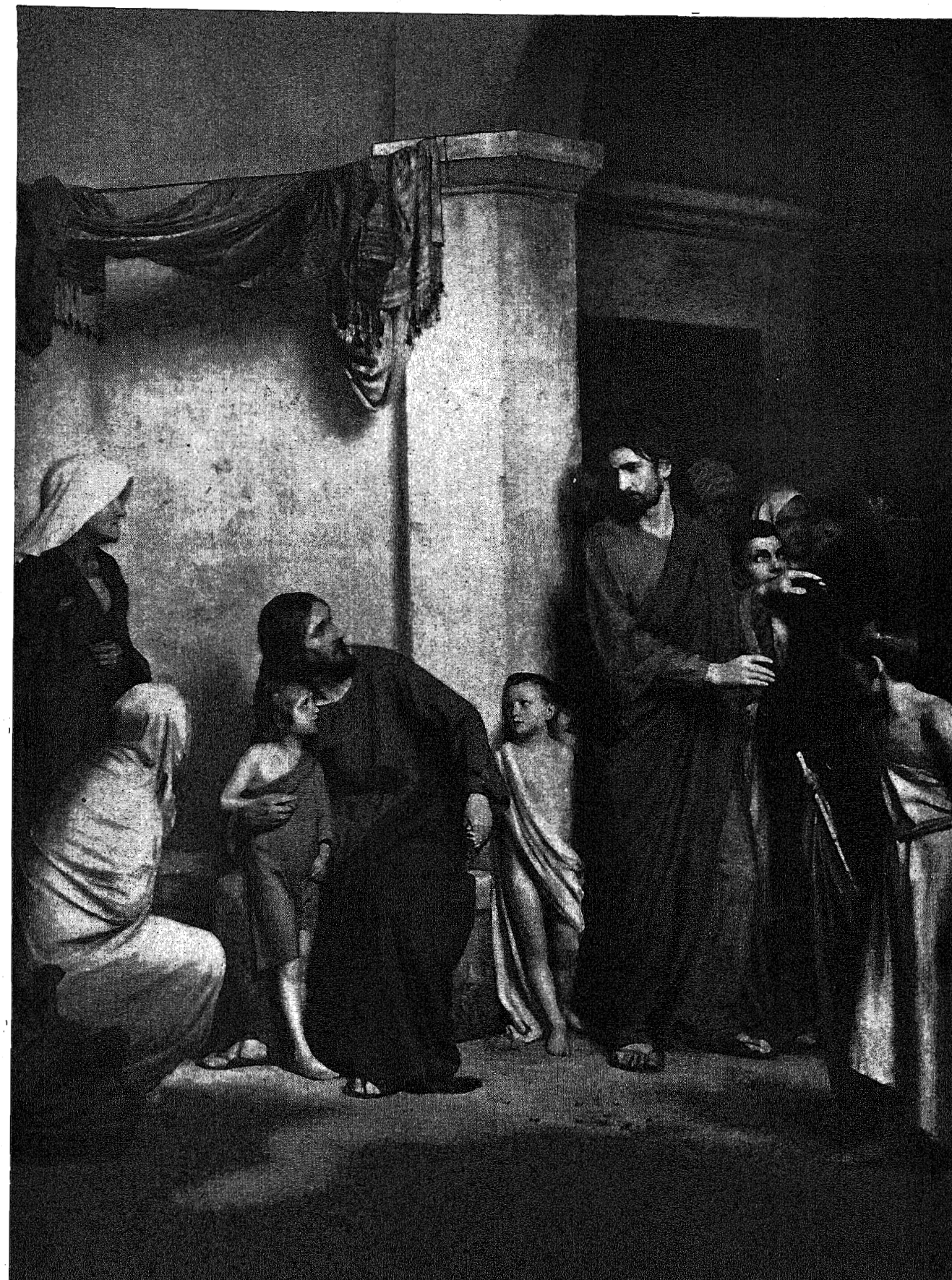
HEARTS and FAITH

Kind hearts are
more than coronets
and simple faith
than Norman
blood.

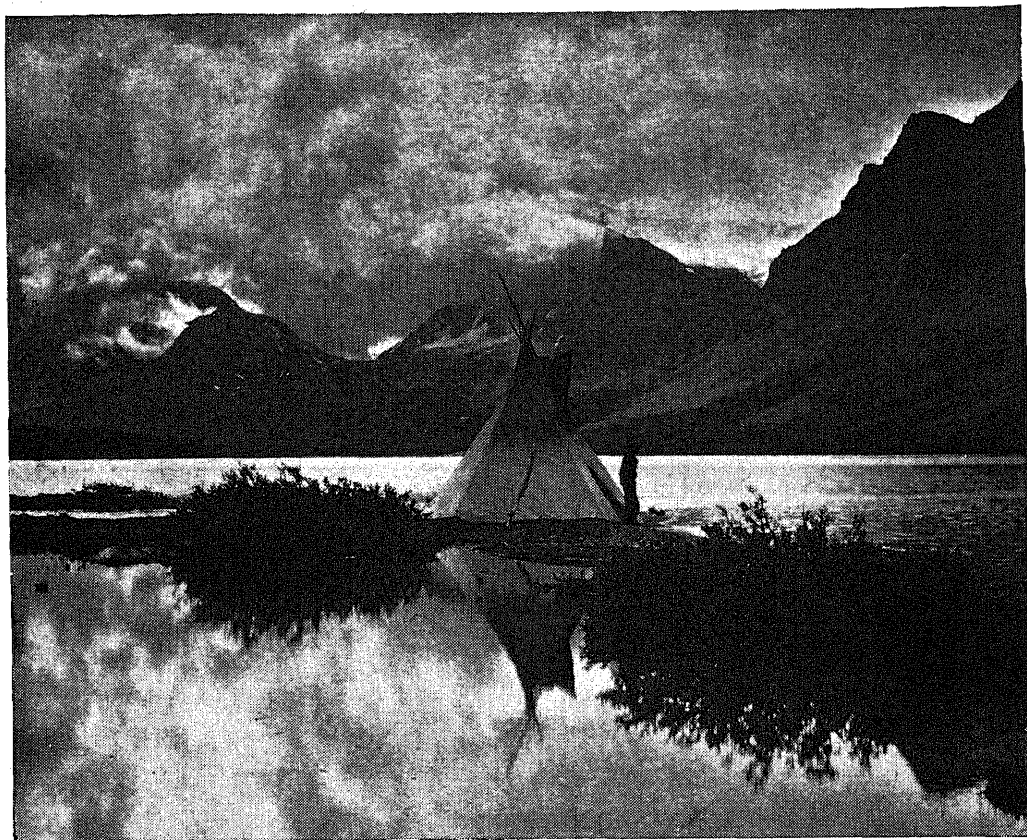
Alfred Tennyson

sweaters, bonnets and booties; and made frocks and slips, night-gowns and pyjamas, diapers by the dozen; coats and windbreakers; with funds so generously provided by the townsfolk, through the service clubs, who also provided boots and shoes and slippers, and other ready-to-wear items.

News item: An interesting story came to light when the Naismith children were taken to their new home. Their benefactor, Bob Everest, told the Salvation Army major that his sister had been adopted at birth, by an American couple who had visited in a hospital where his father lay, very low. His mother had died a few days after the baby's birth, and his father had been ill for a long time. Upon recovery he had taken the nine-year-old boy to another town. They had been happy together; but his father never ceased to grieve for his wife and baby. The boy was never told where his sister was; and when his father died, in Bob's seventeenth year, he found no



THE SAVIOUR'S LIVING OBJECT-LESSON: "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein," (Mark 10:15.)



A LONELY INDIAN TEEPEE ON A BRITISH COLUMBIA LAKE.

and he determined to look for employment there. Being a smart-looking young fellow this was not long in forthcoming, and so, as clerk in a large departmental store, he proceeded to realize his desire to save enough money to see him through to the mystic mountains which still beckoned him on.

Unfortunately, in his haste to acquire wealth, he omitted to attend to his more important needs, and forgot the urgent advice of his old deacon friend, to attend some place of worship, and also a father's appeal to "join the choir."

Thus, as with many another transient, and having his Sundays on his hands, he fell in with a "bunch" of Sabbath-desecrating merry-makers; and Bob's voice made him plenty of friends, or more correctly speaking, companions.

Memory Deeply Stirred

Fortunately, his relapse was not for long, for one day his musically-inclined ear caught the sound of men marching and music playing a familiar hymn-tune — one of the same melodies he was wont to sing in the old home-town choir. It was the Army Band on its way to the Citadel, and he decided to follow with the result that he was converted, and became the recipient of a changed heart. "Ah," he joyfully soliloquized, a few days later, as he sang his testimony in the open-air meeting. "I think I know now something of what Deacon Macdonald

meant when he spoke about an 'understanding heart.'"

A train roared its way over tall trestle bridges, through dense forest, over whirling cataracts, now climbing round the shoulder of a giant mountain, now twisting its tortuous way in zig-zag, tunnelled descents.

So this was British Columbia. And the thrilled passengers—that is, those who had never made the trip before—gazed about them in awe and wonder. Castle-like mountains, sentinels of the ages, towered at tremendous heights above the crawling, toy-like in comparison, train. Impassable barriers of solid rock were penetrated in seemingly miraculous fashion. From dizzy heights the spectators gazed into the yawning depths of canyons, at the bottom of which the mountain streams seethed and boiled like a cauldron.

Among the passengers, now wearing the insignia of an Army Lieutenant, sat our old friend, Bob Falconer. He had been, oddly enough, appointed to assist at a small mining-town in the Kootenays, and was engaged in contemplating, amidst the splendor of the mountain scenery, the strange turn of events now taking him on to the part of the country to which he had set out so boldly in the first instance.

Not gold, was his quest this time, however, but the souls of men.

The CAROL In The KOOTENAYS

(Continued from
page 19)

*It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old.*

It was Christmas Eve in a mining town in the mountains. The community was not a large one, and the population, mostly miners and lumbermen, was of the usual rough and ready order. Albeit generous, but ruggedly indifferent to religious influences.

Outside the main hotel, two young Army officers were holding a consultation together, with the snowflakes softly and silently falling around them. "Well, Lieutenant," spoke up the taller of the two, "it would almost seem as if it were little use holding forth tonight. Folks all seem busy preparing for tomorrow's celebration, I guess. Still, here goes!"

The officer thus addressed smiled whimsically. The lads had not had too rosy a time since the opening of the corps and it really seemed as if their efforts and talents had been wasted on the indifferent mountain folk. He thoughtfully shook the valves of his beloved cornet, and responded to his comrade's request for "something Christmassy."

Divine Intuition

Prayer followed, and the older officer spoke, but his words seemed to be whirled back into his face by the wind. He stopped suddenly, and turned to his companion, "I have a feeling that a song might be better. Give them a solo before we close down for the night, old chap."

Lieutenant Bob complied, although the conditions were not inspiring, and the only sign of human life was that of a man in the garb of a miner, hurrying along to the hotel. The man apparently changed his mind, for he came over to the pair and breathing heavily exclaimed in a husky voice: "You are just the people I am looking for. My little girl is very sick, and wants someone to sing a hymn to her. Will you please come?"

*He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace*

To enrich the humble poor.

It was the self-same song, sung in a rough log shanty, on the mountain side that turned the tide for the struggling officers, and the request so readily granted the miner and his wife became the avenue through which they were led into the light and blessing of salvation. The Lieutenant's solo, feelingly rendered with the "understanding heart" also comforted the little one, and she is an Army officer out on the mission field today.

"Yes," murmured Bob to himself, afterwards, quoting from a letter he was about to mail to his folks in old

Across The Snow

*SWEET Christmas bells! Ring high! Ring low!
Ring low! With joyous reverent beat
To Bethlehem's manger guide our feet
On Christmas Morn, across the snow!*

*Sweet Christmas bells! Ring high! Ring low!
Proclaim to strife - torn souls again
God's "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
On Christmas now — as long ago!—A.M.S.*

Ontario, "I am not sorry that I set out from home for the mountains—via the Army Training College — and my talents were never put to better use than on that memorable Christmas Eve."

The Saviour's Heart

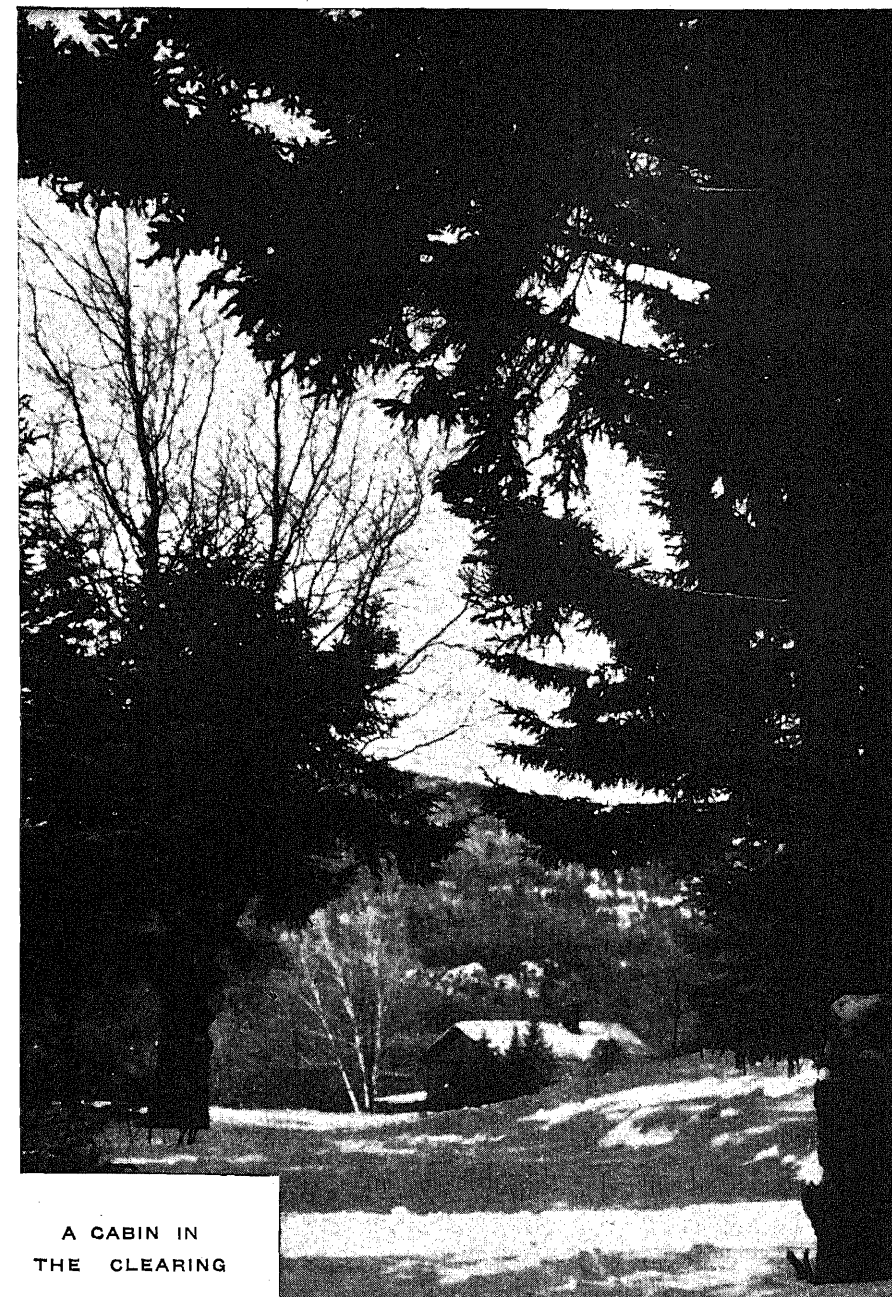
With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love.

Eph. 4, 2.

MEELINESS means that when you are in the midst of a great many people you ought to love them, and behave courteously and kindly and sincerely to them, and especially to children. Meekness is the only thing that our Lord tells us about His own heart:—"I am meek and lowly in heart." There is nothing forced about it.

F. W. Ainley

Christmas Number



A CABIN IN
THE CLEARING

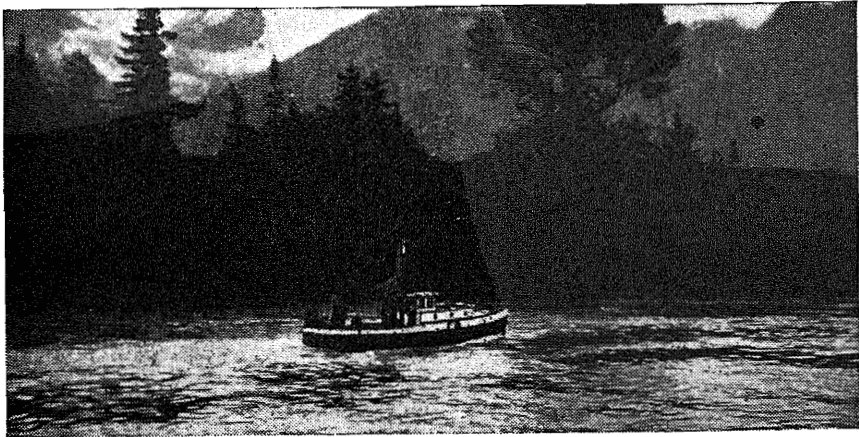
Shepherds Of Bethlehem

(Continued from page 15)

herd often seeks a night's shelter for his flock in some mountain cavern. Arriving here, he feeds a little grain to the sheep to supplement the day's grazing. As they partake of this meal they are often spied upon by some ravenous beast who fears to molest the sheep because of the presence of the shepherd. This is what the psalmist alludes to when he says: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." A sheep may have received a scratch, or perhaps a lamb is suffering from the effects of the sun. The ever-attentive shepherd

anoints the victim with olive oil from his horn, just as the psalmist recites: "Thou anointest my head with oil." You have only to spend a few days with these Eastern shepherds to follow every sentence and every phrase of the memorable psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd."

Thus has the shepherd life of the Holy Land remained virtually unchanged since the days of the patriarchs—a fact which is most remarkable when it is remembered how modern innovations are permeating the life of the country and changing old customs.



The turbulent Naas River in Northern British Columbia, the subject of the accompanying narrative poem, is shown in this striking photograph. A native Indian boat flying the Army colors is seen pushing its way upstream manned by Salvationists who, when the river is frozen in wintertime, tramp many miles on the ice to distant villages.

When the River Changed Its Course

(Continued from page 12)

Our Old Folk long since told a story,
Of that spirit long ago,
Pouring out its burning fury,
On all things that lay below.
The River Naas is far beyond us,
Beyond that fiery, angry mass,
But we will one day find our river,
When our braves the plains can pass.
Winter frosts will cool the burning,
Winter snows provide safe trail,
We will go then to the river,
And will find it, without fail.
To-day other tasks are waiting,
For summer days will soon be o'er,
And the cold and snows of winter
Will our portion be once more.
All must eat, so all must labor.
Since we may not fish for food,
Hunt the wild goat on the mountain
Hunt the deer within the wood.
Gather wild rice, gather berries,
The young ones too, may gather these.
While summer sun is warm we'll dry
them,
And the scraped bark from hemlock trees,
Mountain springs will give us water,
The Sagahalee Tyee is good,
He will still supply his children
With abundant fuel and food.
Then, once more the winter found them,
With its ice, and with its snow.
And the braves once more have orders,

To prepare themselves, and "Go!"
On their backs, the packs are heavy
Strong the snowshoes on their feet,
In their hands the bows, and arrows
Bode ill for any foe they meet.
Again they reach the field of lava,
And beyond its frozen way,
Pitted deep and hard to traverse,
Far beyond their river lay.
Patiently the search continued,
Till suddenly, with lifted hand
The leader bids them halt, and listen,
And they stop, and hearkening stand.
It is true! They hear the waters!
On they go with joyous speed,
Sheathed with ice, they still can hear it.
They have found the Naas, indeed!
"Gwinaha" they softly whisper,
"Gwinaha" their glad refrain.
"Gwinaha!" they cry, "How lovely!"

They have found the Naas again . . .
They who dwell beside that river
Seek another stream to-day,
For they've heard of Living Waters,
That can wash men's sins away.
They have found a stream more precious,
Than the ancients ever knew,
Blessed Stream of LIVING WATER
Flowing free for them—and YOU.
MRS. ALICE E. FOSTER, ROSSLAND.
(A Salvationist-worker who did many
years' service in the far North-West)

CAROLING IN MANY LANDS

(Continued from page 13)

homes of the people, although there are no difficulties from the standpoint of frozen valves or finger-tips, as in more frigid zones.

In India, while the native comrades make their carol contributions in the villages, and sing translations of the best-known songs, it is left largely to the white officers stationed chiefly in the large cities to give the authentic Christmas touch. In Bombay and Calcutta, an arrangement has come into being with two or three of the large hotels to enable the Salvationists

to present their carols. The dais occupied by the orchestra in the dining-room is vacated in favor of the Army visitors, and the wealthy guests, in their dress suits or evening gowns—and an occasional jewelled, beturbaned Indian—listen intently as the old, ever-new Story is sounded out by the sweet voices of the Salvationists to the accompanying strains of their organ.*

In the steamy heart of Africa, European missionary officers get precious little sleep on Christmas Eve, for one party after another of

'Twas Christmas Night

(Continued from page 20)

collie, made it known that he was not being left out of any happiness. Someone let him in; and in the excitement everyone seemed to be hugging everyone else!

The Major and his wife were going over the events of the day.

The successful completion of serenading; the surprise parcel from Bob Everest's sister and her husband; the marvel of the generous cheque "for the Lord's work" amongst its wonderful contents; the scrumptious dinner to which the good divisional commander and his charming wife had invited them, the hours of happy fellowship.

The telephone shrilled! "Can you bring your wife to the phone with you, Major?" "In just a moment." "Bob Everest speaking. I just want to say thank you and 'God Bless You.'"—then, the sound of other voices—"And so say we all!"—"Woof! Woof!"

With gasps of delight the Major and his wife murmured simultaneously "Oh-h, even the dog!" Then, with joy-brimming hearts they climbed the stairs to bed.

converted natives arrives to sing carols, either in their native tongue or in French (the language used in Belgian Congo) for the benefit of their beloved "teachers." In the southern part of the Dark Continent, amid the fragrant odors of semi-tropical flowers, a good deal of serenading is done before Christmas, but the Eve itself is made a gala occasion. Carollers come prepared for an all-night siege, and the various homes and institutions are tackled in succession. Perhaps it is less cause for wonder that the singers or players can keep going till dawn when it is remembered that, at each place, plentiful provisions are spread for them, so that, by taking aboard the tea, cool drinks, cake, sandwiches and cookies provided, even the weakest among them can stagger on until daybreak. They visit the hospital, where the matron and the nurses flock out to the broad stoop to listen, the men's and women's hostels and even the social farm, far out of the city. Cars, of course make this trip possible.

Space forbids lengthening this account of the Army's caroling service in nearly a hundred different lands and climes, but the main thought is—the purpose is the same: the inner meaning of Christmas is thus propagated, and the thoughtless folk have been reminded that the season is not a time for self-indulgence, but a time for deep thankfulness to God for His Unspeakable Gift.

*A truckload of white officers visit the bungalows of the suburbs as well, and the Parsees in particular appear to appreciate the carol-singing. The European residents, naturally, welcome the visits, as the carol-singing is a nostalgic link with the Old Land.

There'll Always Be Christmas . . .

BY EDNA JAKUES, TORONTO

There'll always be Christmas
—as long as a light
Glow in the window to guide folks
at night,
As long as a star in the heavens
above,
Keeps shining down . . . there'll be
Christmas and love.

There'll always be Christmas . . . as
long as a tree
Grows on a hilltop . . . as long as
the sea
Breaks into foam on a white pebbled beach,
As long as there's laughter and
beautiful speech.

There'll always be Christmas . . . as
long as a street
Gives back the echo of homeward
bound feet,
And children with mittens and
warm winter clothes
Have bright eyes that sparkle and
cheeks like a rose.

There'll always be Christmas . . .
with holly and snow,
And church bells that ring in the
valley below,
Shop windows lighted and door-
ways ajar,
And over the housetops the glint of
a star.

The cavernous length of a stocking
to fill,
A wreath on the window . . . a light
on a hill,
The song of the angels . . . and over
again
The beautiful message . . . Goodwill
among men.

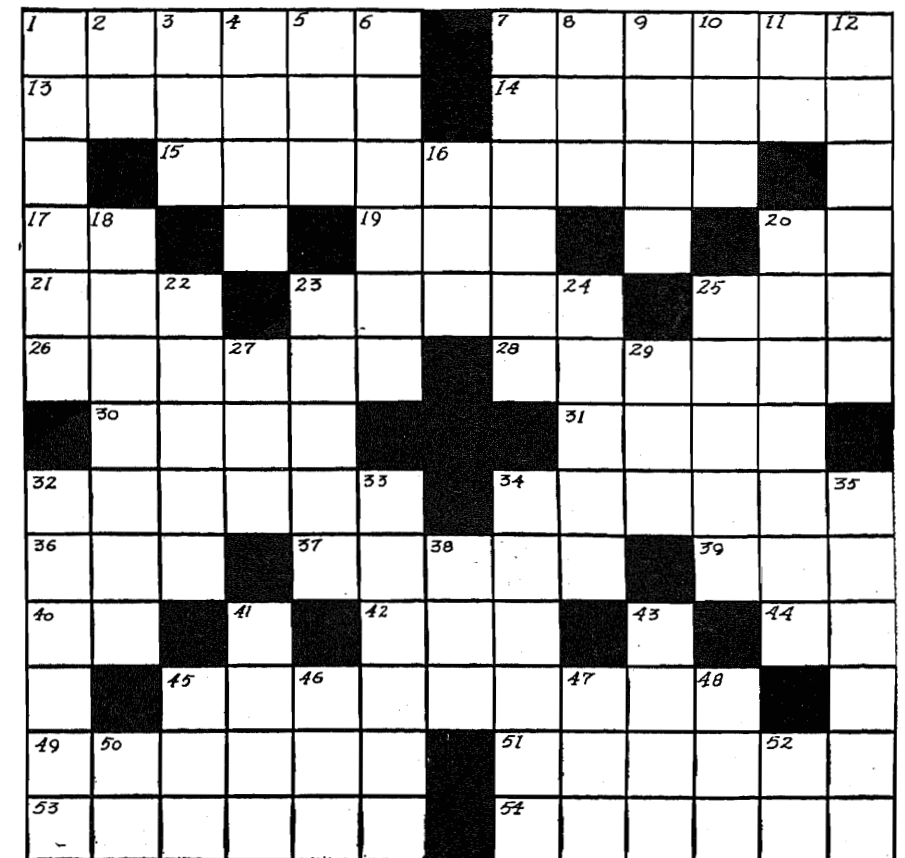
(From Hills of Home,
by permission of the author.)

ANSWER TO PUZZLE



Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the Skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST IS CONTAINED IN THE ANSWER

HORIZONTAL

- Lament
- A pool near Jerusalem, in whose waters the blind man was sent, by Jesus, to wash
- Great peninsular of Southwestern Asia
- Seaport in Asiatic Turkey
- Place from which Jesus rode to Jerusalem on his triumphal march
- Power producing hypnotism
- God-fearing king of Judah
- Before Christ
- Part of the foot
- Hindu calendar month
- Ocean
- Samuel's mother
- Aims (poetical)
- Moabite ancestress of Jesus
- Mineral used as a gem (hyacinth)
- Belonging to Latium, a country of ancient Italy
- Suffix used in forming names of elements
- A prophet whose name signified "consolation," his book is a sequel to that of Jonah
- Direction

- Kingdom
- Exclamation — (hush)
- Pronoun
- Birthplace of Christ
- Patroness of Malta; a saint who suffered martyrdom
- Scotch for "travel"
- Land in Egypt given by Joseph to his father. (Gen. 45:10)
- Walk with long steps

VERTICAL

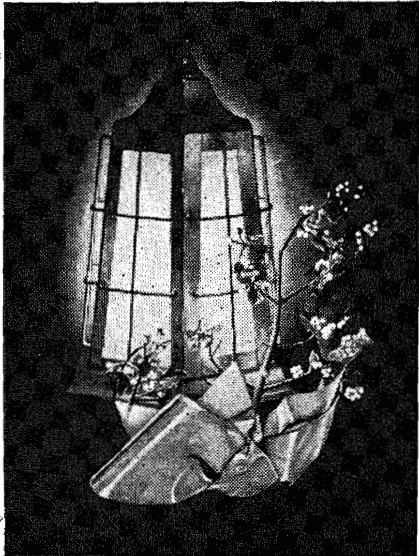
- A place "in the valley in the land of Moab." (Num. 21:19)
- Son of Judah and Shuah
- Fairy Queen (Shakespeare)
- Son of Ruth and Boaz
- Islet
- An Ammonite whom Saul defeated. (I Sam. 11:1)
- Region of deserts and oases in Africa
- Famous mountain in northwestern Asia Minor, near ancient Troy
- Falls behind
- Palm leaf
- City north of Jerusalem
- Mother of Absalom. (II Sam. 3:3)
- Psalms
- Dower
- Place of the Ascension. (Luke 24:51)
- Legally excessive
- The first high priest
- King of Tyre, who sent aid to David and Solomon
- A beginning
- New Hampshire Convention
- Mother of Chunsu, the Moon (Egypt. Relg.)
- City which Achish gave to David. (I Sam. 27:6)
- The prophet, who anointed Solomon king
- Players on the lute
- Simple implement used as an illustration, in a famous parable relating to a rich man
- Grandson of Shem. (Gen. 10:23)
- Third son of Adam and Eve
- Mountain in Canaan, where Esau went with his tribe, to live
- Low—a term used in connection with sculpture
- Article
- Head covering
- One thousand, six
- Depart. (Luke 10:37)
- An altar of the Lord, built by the children of Reuben and Gad

Have You Remembered The Salvation Army in Your Will?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of beneficent activities. The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests. Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by: Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel, Territorial Commander 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada

.....The Children's Page.....

The Legend of Christmas Window Lights

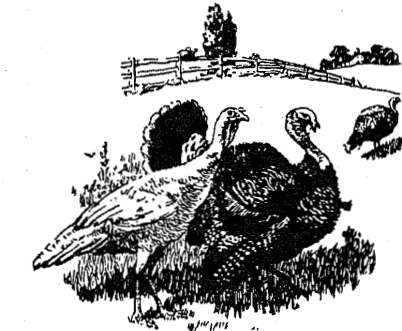


IN Austria, the country where window lighting originated, peasants still tell of a boy who became lost while wandering along a road on a cold, wintry night. The farther the boy walked, the more lost he became until he could no longer tell where the road was, or even in what direction he was going. His hands and feet became numbed, and

MR. TURKEY GETS INTO THINGS

Mr. Turkey is quite a bird! He gets into all kinds of difficulties and here are a few of them. Can you help him out?

1. What part of the turkey is found in the band?
2. What part of the turkey is in a story?
3. When the turkey is cooking, in what country is he?
4. What part of the turkey is oriental?
5. Why is the man who eats too fast like a turkey?



wild animals skulked about him. As he grew more and more exhausted, the animals became bolder until it seemed that they would attack and devour him.

Suddenly, in the distance, the boy saw a light shining in the window of a house. He stumbled toward the light and finally found himself at the door of a tiny hut. With the last of his strength he rapped at the door. A peasant and his wife answered the rap.

The peasants had no idea who the boy was, but their hearts were kindly. They fed him the best they had, and gave him a bed to sleep in.

The next morning the boy felt greatly refreshed. He thanked the peasants and continued on his way. Oddly enough, the peasants were never again in want of food or warmth themselves from that day on. The boy, they learned many years later, was named Jesus.

Out of this incident a new custom was born. As Christmas approached, each peasant hut had a lighted candle in one of its windows. This was so that any lost person might follow the light to safety. Gradually the window-lighting custom spread all over the Christian world. Adapted, from "The Olive Leaf."

6. What part of the turkey does a farmer watch with anxiety?
7. What part of the turkey is part of a sentence?
8. What part of the turkey will appear the day after Thanksgiving?
9. What part of the turkey opens the front door?

ANSWERS

The bill; 9. Key. bier; 6. Crop; 7. Claws, (clause); 8. 4. The first—Turkey; 5. He's a gob- 1. Drumstick; 2. Tail; 3. Greece;

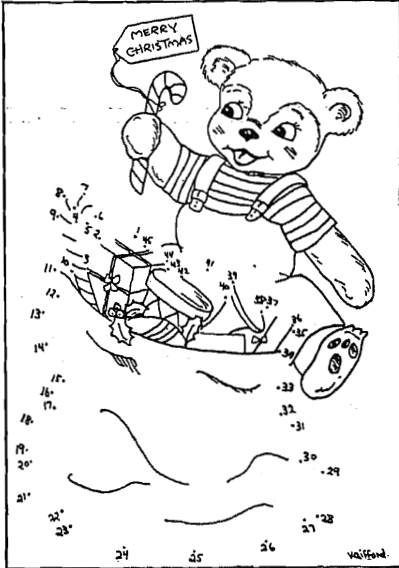
FIND THE CANDIES

NO doubt you will enjoy looking for candies, won't you? Here they are:

NIRPEMEPPT
DEFGU
SEOFETF
ALRASCEM

(Continued in next column)

A HAPPY CAROLLER
Do you love to sing carols? This girlie evidently does, for her face shows the pleasure that she feels in her heart.



PICTURE PUZZLE

What does Santa Claus take in his Reindeer Sleigh? To complete the picture start at one and connect the lines to 45. We hope Santa brings you all the things you are wishing for, from his well-filled pack.

Of course, the letters are all jumbled up, but when they are placed in their right order they spell four kinds of nice candy. Not only that but the last letter of each word will spell a girl's name.

Here is the answer:
Caramels
Toffees
Peppermint
Fudge



THEY SAW HIS STAR

And Did Not Rest Until They Had Found The Christ

THE Christmas Story would not be complete without some reference to the Wise Men who came from the East to find, and to worship the Christ.

One of the purposes Matthew had in mind when he wrote his Gospel was to show to the Jews how completely the prophecies of their own holy men were fulfilled in Christ; and his story of the coming of the Wise Men, which he alone has recorded for us, allows him to introduce three separate extracts from the Old Testament, and show how each was now fulfilled.

There is first that interesting picture of the Wise Men going to crafty old Herod to ask him, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews—we have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him." The king was taken aback at this question; he thought he was king of the Jews. But he was too cunning to display his feelings; he called together the chief priests and scribes, and discussed with them the question of the Wise Men. They decided that it must be to Christ, the promised Messiah, that they referred. Where then should He be born? demanded Herod. Here Matthew introduces the prophecy of Micah, written centuries before,—“And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor which shall rule My people Israel.”

That is really good writing by Matthew, for he not only tells the simple story; very delicately, he emphasizes those parts of the story which most effectively build up the main argument of his Gospel. From their own Scriptures, the chief priests and their learned scribes,



By
The Chief
Secretary
Colonel R. S.
Harewood



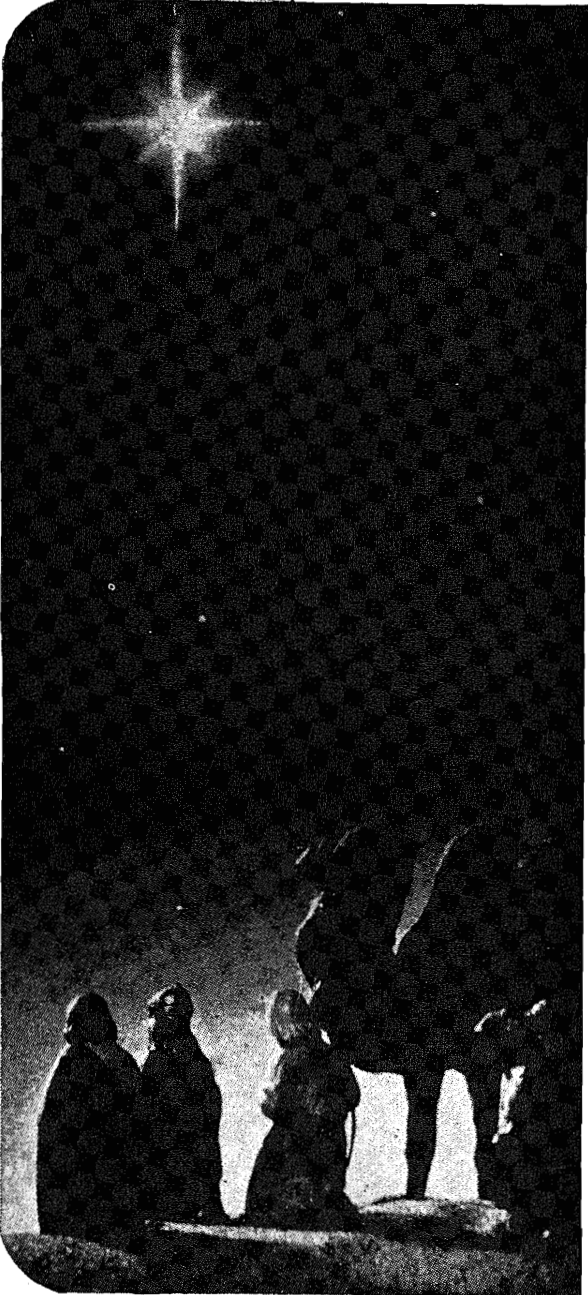
THE MAGI

And, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Matthew 2:9-11.

announced the name of the village from which the Christ must come.

Matthew repeats this procedure a little further on in the story; for the wise men, warned in a dream not to return to Herod, departed home by another route. This so vexed Herod that he sent down his executioners to slay every child born in Bethlehem over a period of two years. This, says Matthew was exactly what Jeremiah had foretold—“In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great

COLONEL AND MRS.
R. S. HAREWOOD

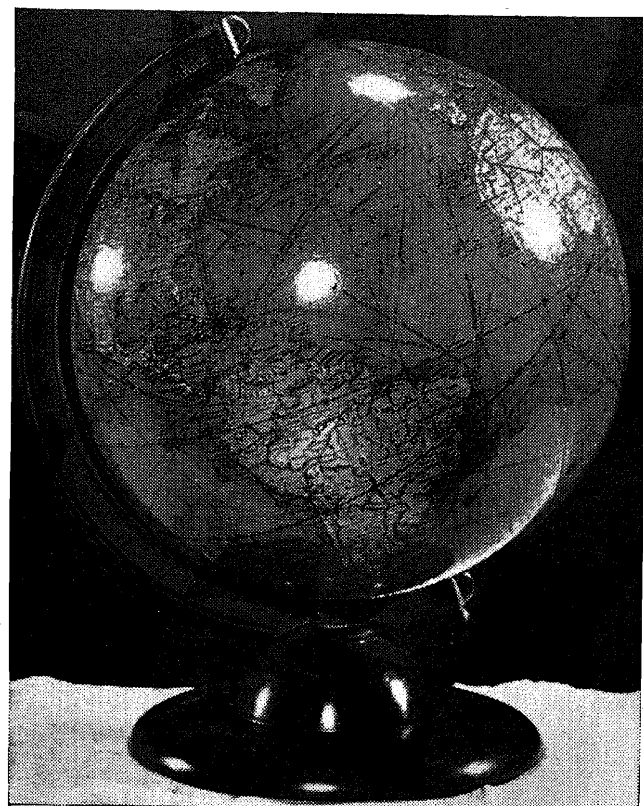


mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and they would not be comforted, because they are not.”

In the meantime God had spoken to Joseph by an angel, advising him to take Mary and the Babe down to Egypt; this he did, thus not only saving our Lord's life, but, as Matthew is careful to point out, fulfilling the word of Hosea, “Out of Egypt have I called my son.” So in this simple little story of the worship of the wise men, Matthew makes three major points in his argument that the coming of Christ aptly fulfilled the sacred words of the Scripture, held by the Jews themselves as divinely inspired.

That, however, is only preliminary to the main thoughts I would bring to you concerning the wise men, who brought gifts to lay at

(Continued on page 30)



IT'S A WORLD WIDE ARMY

*A Peep into
The Editor's
Mail-Bag*

"NEITHER SNOW, NOR RAIN,
NOR HEAT, NOR NIGHT, STAYS
THESE COURIERS FROM THE
SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR
APPOINTED ROUNDS."

SO reads a famous saying of Herodotus, and used as an inscription on the front of the Post Office in New York City. And true it is, for through the centuries no record of history has been brighter than that of gallant messengers who have braved fire, flood and obstacles of various kinds to deliver their messages.

Included in the list of those who have cause to be indebted to the modern couriers, the mail-carriers, are the world's periodicals, including the Army's Journals, which would fare badly indeed without both messengers and senders of the message, for the mailbag and its contents in any editorial office are amongst the most indispensable and interesting items on the editorial daily agenda. Thus a salute is by no means out of place in this issue of The War Cry.

It would, however, be of interest, and perhaps come as an eye-opener, if the readers of an internationally-conscious journal such as The War Cry, could peep over the Editor's shoulder and examine some of the mail items that come to his desk daily, and is often the heaviest budget delivered at headquarters.

Aside from the exchanges, bulletins, reports, and MSS., regularly submitted for editorial consideration, there are letters

The Editor (Lt.-Colonel W. Putt) copies the inscription on the famous table around which Canada's Fathers of Confederation met to sign the province-uniting documents in 1867. This historic relic is in the library of the Parliament Buildings, Regina. The photograph was taken by Sr.-Major L. Ede.

and communications from all parts of the world. Incidentally the Army's publications in many languages constitute an amazing display of their own, and which in itself is a liberal education. The India War Cry lies side by side with news from Hong Kong, the Finnish periodical arrives with the productions from Holland, Malaya, Jamaica, Switzerland (two languages) and Ceylon; and so on.

But this article must confine itself to correspondence, the envelopes of which contain stamps of varied hues. In these modern times, many communications cover great distances in an incredible short space of time through the facilities of airmail; so that London or Vancouver, in this regard, is scarcely any farther

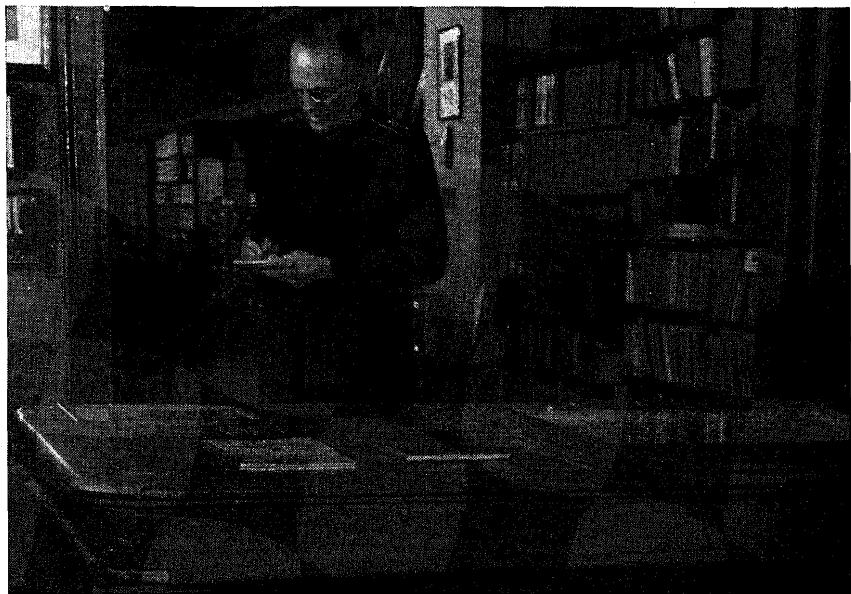
away than the immediate vicinity of Toronto. The British West Indies and East Africa are not more than a few days distant.

Who are the senders of these letters? They vary as much as do the peoples of the world. They come from all walks in life. The writers live under all sorts of conditions. To find out who these people are, one has to look over the mail received during the past decade or so. The letters, too, are carried in all manner of ways, some lifted by helicopter, some drawn by dog-sled, others are carried by horseback-riders, and others are carried by canoe, motor-launch, diesel trains and ocean liner. Few letters are lost, and the world's communication-system is a remarkable example of practical internationalism.

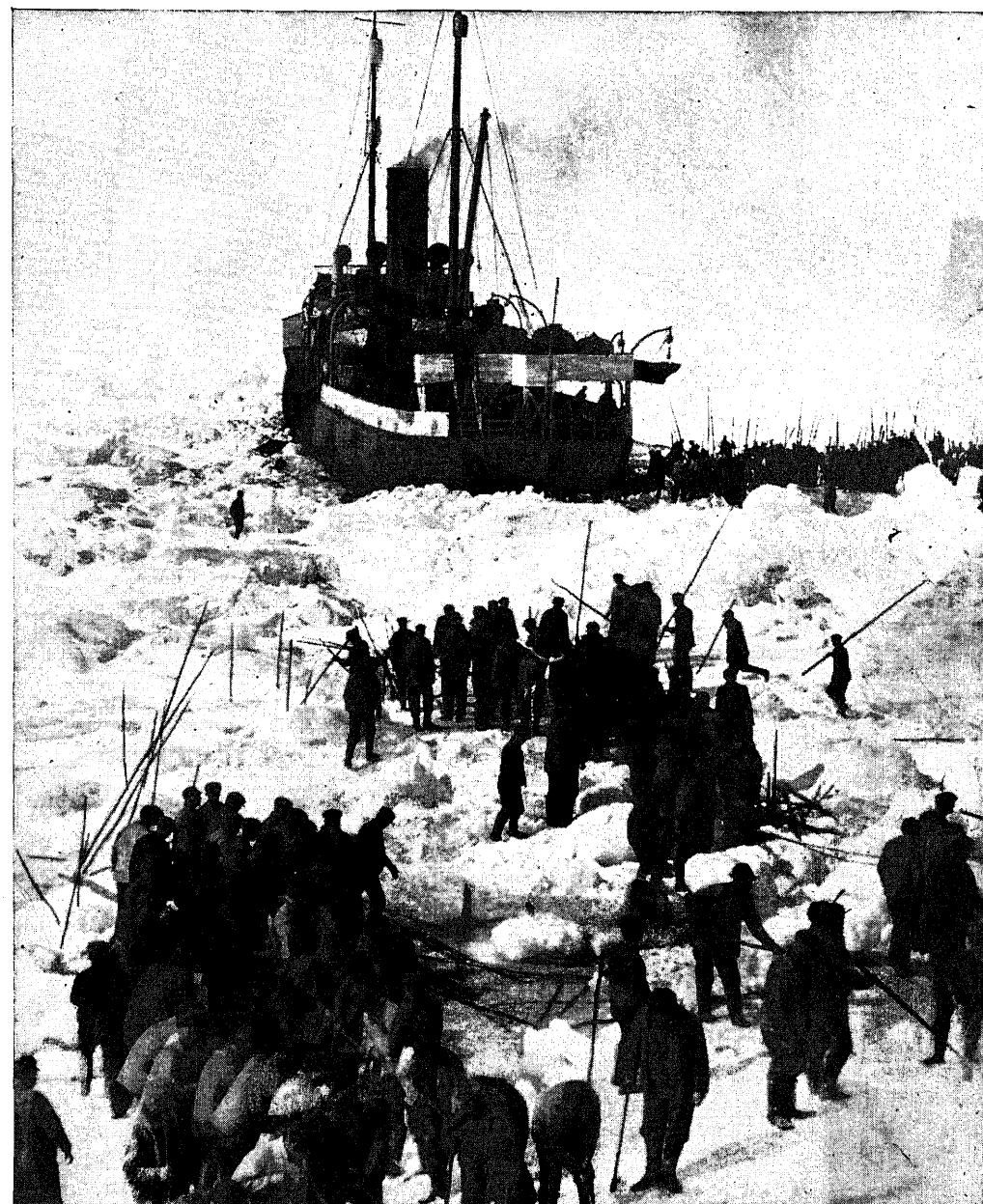
Here is a letter from a Canadian missionary in Indonesia. It stirs the imagination. A communication from Bermuda contains something of the sunshine of these Islands. A letter from Newfoundland has the tang of the ocean. A photograph from equatorial Africa comes in at the same time as a picture from Manitoba taken in sub-zero garb. A picture of a group of lepers in India, and a group of smiling, singing Scandinavians with guitars arrive simultaneously.

Letters arrive from all kinds of isolated settlements. Naturally these missives often carry more interest than those from urban centres. They carry human-interest stories of tragedies. Their senders plead for prayer and counsel. Some request further enlightenment concerning the Army's work. Some seek to know God and His Salvation. Some have found their soul's desire through the Army's White Winged messenger. They are grateful for the ministry of the printed word.

The Editor's mail runs the whole gamut of human existence, from the cradle (from mothers) to the grave (notifying him of warriors promoted to Glory). It covers all of the Army's vast and varied activities. Almost all conditions of life are represented, from the highest to the lowliest. To have letters from both levels is a tribute to the universality of the Army's far-reaching message.



The War Cry



Sturdy Sons of the Sea

IN early March of each year hundreds of Newfoundland seamen join their ships in St. John's harbor for the sealing season, prior to which many of the men attend the Army's meetings in the city, when songs of the sea are sung and enjoyed. Those who are Salvationists or adherents take part in the gatherings, most of them hailing from distant parts of the rugged island which is Canada's tenth province.

This unusual photograph shows one of the strongly-built vessels surrounded by ice on the turbulent North Atlantic Ocean. The toilers on the ice are ready to begin the hazardous tasks by which they gain their livelihood.

Here is a communication from His Majesty the King, acknowledging the receipt of an issue containing reference to a sequel to an incident that took place during his last visit to the Dominion. Here is a letter from one of his poorest subjects, rich in the things of the Kingdom of Heaven. She is sightless, (someone has kindly penned her letter) but she sees the King in His beauty, so she says in her moving testimony.

Statesmen do not hesitate to speak approvingly of the worth of The War Cry, and letters from these and many eminent citizens of the land repose in the War Cry files. One well-known member of parliament not long ago read extracts from the Army's White Winged Messenger in the Federal House at Ottawa, and the late Judge Emily Murphy spoke of The War Cry as "the paper with a punch." The late Chancellor of the University of Toronto, largest of its kind in the world, Dr. H. Cody, more than once

wrote a kindly personal letter to the Editor stating that he read The War Cry "through and through." In similar vein read unsolicited letters from other prominent citizens. One minister preached a sermon from a War Cry frontispiece which he hung from the rostrum in sight of his congregation. Many others have acknowledged their indebtedness to The War Cry as a source of illustration for their messages.

Scores of pictures in the Canadian War Cry appear in newspapers and periodicals throughout the world. Not long ago the Editor of the Whitehorse News, Yukon Territory, published one of The War Cry's pictures, and numbers of other newspapers have given front page space to the reprinting of attractive pictures and articles too numerous to mention. Requests are frequently received from editors of national religious magazines for pictures and articles, and if available these are readily supplied. The

closest co-operation with editors of all good sound periodicals is thus maintained. They fight in a common cause against the obscene or trashy literature so prevalent today in the world.

Editing a paper is a constant race against the clock, and few editors find time lying heavily on their hands. Consequently replies to letters have to be fitted to accommodate time limits, and according to their value to the work. Only letters which are of general interest to readers can be published and these form but a small portion of those received. The story describing their contents could be continued indefinitely. It is a story that shows the workings of God through the instrumentality of the silent but effective, printed word, reaching the prisoner in his cell, the hospital patient, the dweller in log cabin or mansion, and in general the vast "whosoever" that constitutes the Army's world-wide congregation.



IN SUNNY BERMUDA

The sub-tropical islands of Bermuda, 365 of them (one for every day of the year) grow many beautiful varieties of plants, including the Easter lily which is shipped annually to Canada. The photograph shows that the scarlet poinsettia, highly valued as a Christmas plant, is not unknown. The Salvation Army has a well developed work in Bermuda, which is included in the Canadian Territory.

THEY SAW HIS STAR

(Continued from page 27)

the feet of the infant Christ.

There are three phrases in the text to which I would draw your attention:—We have seen His star; we have seen His star in the East; we are come to worship Him.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish," said one of old. When people have their hearts and minds directed intently on the things of earth, they have no vision for the heavenly. These wise men of old believed that God made His purposes known to men; they had their eyes turned to heaven to catch any message He might send. There were hosts of people who saw no star, who caught no divine message. If they saw the Star of Bethlehem, as we now call it, to them it was but an ordinary heavenly body.

We are reminded of Bunyan's story of the man with the muck-rake—so intent was he on raking the refuse at his feet that he missed the crown of glory the angel offered above his head.

There are many who see in the affairs of life only the outworkings of man's own weakness and folly; or of his strength and wisdom. They miss altogether the evidences of the over-ruling providences of God. There are those who see in the Bible but a collection of ancient writings; they miss altogether its divine message of revelation. There are those who in the Christmas season see only happy reactions to goodwill and demonstrated affection, blind to the fact that the Christmas season should be to the world today what the star of Bethlehem was to the wise men of old—

an assurance that the King has come, a light to guide us to lay our homage at His feet.

"We have seen His star," said the wise men. "We have seen His star in the East." In the East? Yes, where the darkness of night fades before the lustre of the dawn; where the rising sun gives promise of the new-born day. The coming of Christ was not the last fading flush of a dying world. His coming was the glorious



NOEL! EMMANUEL!

CHRIST IS COME! GOD IS WITH US!

By Sr.-Major Marion Neill

"Cease from thy grieving.
Joy be receiving,
Come is thy Saviour,
Jesus, His name;
One strong and mighty,
Who doth invite thee
Into the peace
He died to obtain." (Slater)

THE message of Christmas is love—"God so loved . . . that He gave"—"Jesus came down my Ransom to be, Oh, it was wonderful love." God so loved us that He planned our redemption at the greatest possible cost to Himself. "Jesus was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

The message of Christmas is joy

dawn of a new Kingdom, an everlasting Kingdom, whose glory shall know no end. In the East we have seen His star; all the glory of a new revelation lies before us; all the outworking of a divine plan which Paul described as "the mystery of the ages." The gloom of hopeless sin has gone; the despair of man's insensate lust may now know a radiant dawn of hope. The coming of Christ to the human soul is not the negation of pleasure, the dying out of freedom, the coming of a night of sanctimonious solemnity. The coming of Christ is the dawn of life eternal, the breaking in of roseate joys hitherto unknown, the opening up of unlimited possibilities of service and development.

In Spirit and in Truth

Our third thought was that the wise men said, "We have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him." Wise men indeed they were. Having caught a glimpse of God's message to the world, that message of dawning hope, they came to worship. That is what the world needs today, and needs as never before—that men in every walk of life should worship the Christ in spirit and in truth—wise men, rich men, poor men, uneducated men; leaders in industry and business; leaders in public life and in the halls of learning; laboring men, untrained men, unhappy, hopeless men; and women too of every rank and station—if we would be truly wise, we must come humbly, individually, and very sincerely to the Christ, to kneel before Him in worship, paying to Him the tribute of our love, and receiving in return the glorious promised gift—"To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." And if sons, then heirs, heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ. Praise His name for ever.

—joy in place of grief—gladness in place of sadness—happiness in place of sorrow—BECAUSE—we are not alone. "GOD IS WITH US." Christ has come.

The message of Christmas is peace—peace with God the Father through the atoning sacrifice of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Peace with one another through Christ, Who is the great Reconciler. Peace within our own hearts through a knowledge of sins forgiven, and the Witness of the Holy Spirit within.

And as Eternal Truth blooms

again,

Like the Christmas Rose,
May your heart be glad,
And your Christmas merry!



A Happy Christmas To All War Cry Readers

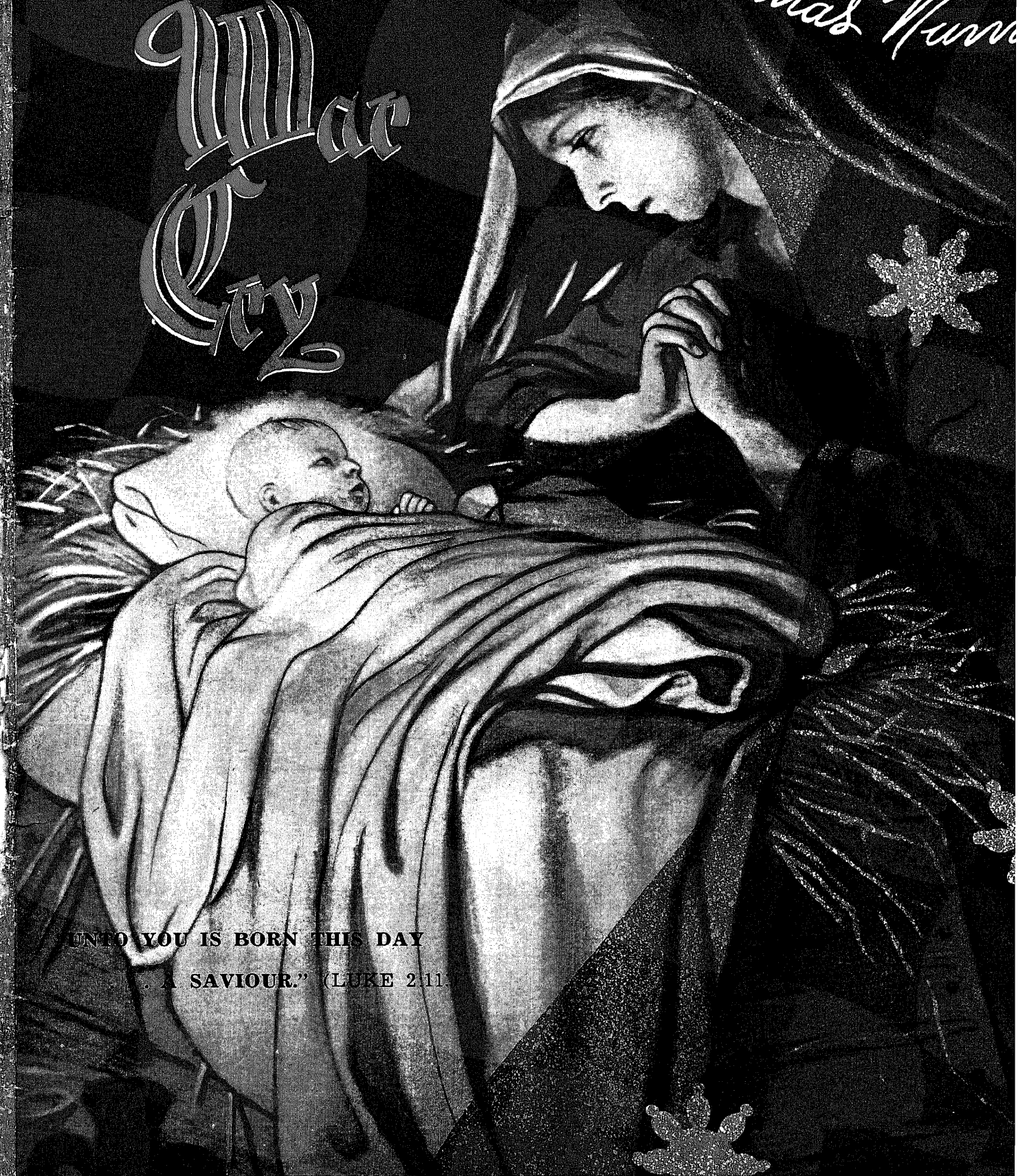


*The Flight
Into Egypt*

PAINTING BY
CHRISTIAN DAALSGAARD

The Mare Cry

Christmas Number



INTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY
A SAVIOUR." (LUKE 2:11)